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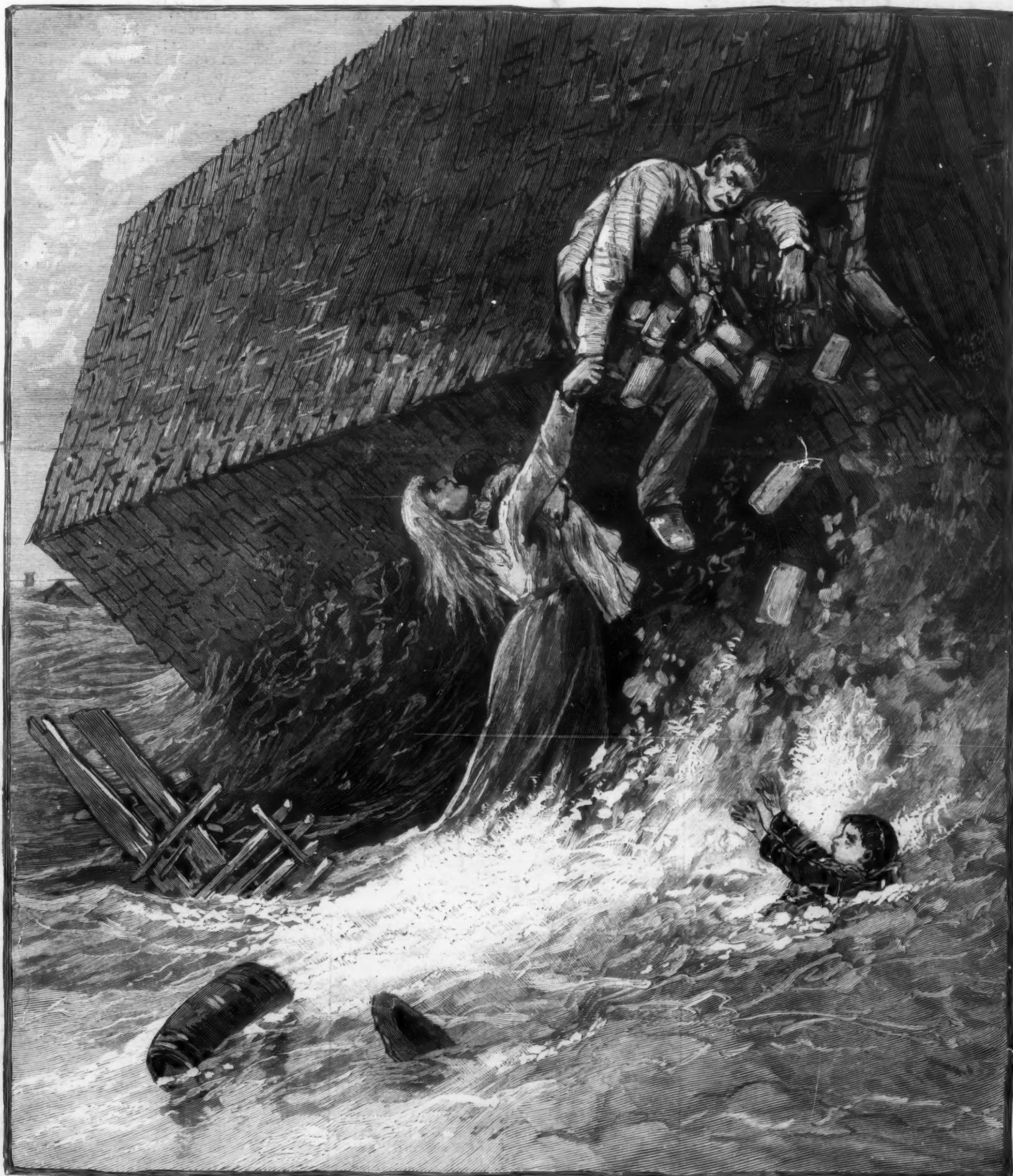
L.6.  
FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
NEWSPAPER

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A MOMENT OF PERIL.—A HOUSE NEAR LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA, OVERTURNED BY WIND AND WATER DURING THE GREAT OVERFLOW OF THE OHIO RIVER.

FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES EASTBURN.—SEE PAGE 7.



indication of color-blindness is so slight as to make it desirable to give them the benefit of the possible doubt; (2) Those whose color-blindness is so settled and determined that the railroad company needs no further proof, but who themselves—as well as their friends—persist in believing that they are not incapacitated from doing their duty with safety to themselves, to the property of their employers and to the lives of their passengers. In some of these final tests the results are as appalling to contemplate as they are bitterly painful to the men to whom they are applied. As every one knows, a white flag on a railroad means safety, green means caution, and red danger. In use the white flag soon becomes a dirty gray. Green or red is usually taken by color-blind persons for gray. In the final examination Professor Thomson waves a green flag and asks: "What does that mean?" Usually the answer of even the color-blind is correct: "Caution." Next a soiled white flag is waved. "And what does this mean?" is asked. The imperfect sense of color now asserts itself, as the man promptly replies: "Red; that's for danger—stop instantly." Then a bright new red flag is waved. "And this means —?" continues the professor, inquiringly. "Track clear; the white flag means to go ahead." There is something positively terrible in such answers, which are alike frequent from engineers of many years' experience, who have had hundreds of thousands of lives at their mercy, firemen, brakemen, flagmen, conductors and division superintendents. Still another test is made, in which colored lights are flashed instead of the waving of flags; and in some instances, where tried and valued engineers have at last been forced to the discovery of the fatal blunders to which they were liable, the scene has been dramatically pitiful.

The examination of the fifteen thousand employés of the Pennsylvania Company is now practically at an end. Previous tests have established the fact that four per cent. of the male population of all large cities are color-blind. In this country, wherever examinations have been made, it is found that one man in every twenty-five is color-blind. Incidentally it may be remarked that the affliction is almost totally unknown to women. Taking the four per cent. as the general average of color-blind men, the thought of possible consequences is not agreeable to travelers; but when it is stated that Professor Thomson has found *twenty-five per cent. of the fifteen thousand employés of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company affected more or less seriously by color-blindness*, the magnitude of the work accomplished, in its immediate as well as its far-reaching results, can the better be appreciated. Public opinion, in the light of the revelations made by these startling figures, will scarcely rest satisfied until all other railroads and steam navigation lines have applied the same test to their employés.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Soudan complications are discussed in detail in another column, together with the action taken by the British Government. The fall of Sinkat was marked by a fearful massacre, not one of Tewfik Bey's six hundred men having escaped. Whether Admiral Hewett, the commander at Suakin, will be able to prevent a similar disaster at Tokar, remains in doubt. In the British Parliament, since the lamentable events in the Soudan, the debates have been chiefly upon the condemnation of the Government's Egyptian policy. In the House of Lords a motion of censure, offered by the Marquis of Salisbury, was carried. Sir Stafford Northcote made in the House of Commons a similar motion, but at the present writing a division has not been taken. The Right Hon. W. E. Forster deprecated "the half-hearted, halting policy" of Mr. Gladstone, but declared that he would support the Government because it had sent General Gordon to the Soudan, and because it was taking measures to relieve Tokar. Mr. Gladstone denied any vacillation or inconsistency in the Government's Egyptian policy. The situation in Egypt was one which had been found, not created, by the present Government. He stated that 4,000 men had been ordered to Suakin, and that General Gordon had a plan which would restore the ancestral power of the Soudanese rulers and extricate the Egyptian garrisons. Mr. Gladstone strongly opposed the re-conquest of the Soudan, and in conclusion asked the House to accord the Government the acquittal to which it was entitled. The Conservative leaders have been making organized efforts to obtain emphatic expressions of popular condemnation of the Government's Egyptian policy, but a vigorous effort for the relief of Tokar, and a continuance of good reports from General Gordon, may yet counteract the recent Liberal reverses.

General Gordon has left Berber, and is proceeding in a leisurely manner towards Khartoum, accompanied by several powerful chiefs. He has sent word to Colonel De Coetlogon, directing him, if unable to hold Khartoum, to blow up the forts, in order to facilitate the recapture of the city. He evidently anticipates fighting.

The report that the Tonquinese recently murdered some 250 Christians and destroyed over a hundred mission-houses turns out to be correct, and the incident gives the French a ground of complaint, and a pretext for hostile action, which they have not hitherto possessed in their Tonquin policy. The appeal of the French bishop, who reported the massacre, for instant help, will, of course, be responded to, and complications may follow which only the sword can solve. The approaches to Bac-Ninh are guarded with dynamite. Should the place be attacked, the members of the French Embassy at Pekin will probably receive their passports.

Another insurrection has broken out in Crete, conse-

quent upon the attempt of the Porte to withdraw the special privileges enjoyed by the Greek religious community. These privileges, so far as wills, bequests, marriages and jurisdiction in matters regarding the priesthood are concerned, have been enjoyed from the days of Mahomet II., but latterly the Porte has demanded that the Ottoman law courts should have control of all these questions, and a protest from the Patriarchate having been treated with contempt, the Cretans have determined to seek redress by force of arms. A Turkish force of 5,000 men has been dispatched to the island, and the revolt will, no doubt, be suppressed with true Turkish brutality.

The exceptional law against the Austrian anarchists has passed the Lower House of the Reichsrath by a vote of 177 to 137. Count von Taaffe claims that it is directed against anarchist plots and for the protection of citizens. Socialism, he thinks, is something distinct and to be cured in another way, which the Government is at present engaged in devising.

TO WRITE a novel and give the semi-fictional characters the names of actual persons is a risky business. Not only is it in bad taste, but it is pretty sure to engender personal hostilities, if nothing worse. A Cape Cod peasant, bearing the sweet name of Lorenzo Leonard Nightingale, has brought suit against a schoolmistress, who, while teaching grammar to the young ideas on that sand-bar, incidentally put in her leisure time in working up a love-story which has since been published and widely read. Although he was made a hero, and endowed with chivalrous and beautiful characteristics, he didn't like it, and, having sued Miss McLean's publishers, has recovered \$1,095 for his damaged reputation. This recalls how nearly Charles Dickens's publishers came to being sued by a man who claimed that he was one of those lovely beings, the Cheeryble Brothers. It is almost impossible to suit some people.

THE HOUSE of Commons has again refused to permit Mr. Bradlaugh to take the oath, and excluded him by a formal vote from the precincts. Of course, there was the usual preliminary farce, in which Mr. Bradlaugh administered the oath to himself and then waited to be thrust out from the seat to which he had been elected. British intolerance has never been more offensively displayed than in this Bradlaugh case, and we cannot but believe that at no distant day all enlightened Englishmen, of whatever party, will contemplate with profound regret the record which Parliament has made in the matter. As Mr. Bradlaugh has, by applying for the Chiltern Hundreds, practically abandoned his seat, and a writ for a new election has been ordered, we may expect that the contest will be renewed with characteristic bitterness, and in all probability will presently have the oft-rejected knocking again for admission at the closed door of the House.

A FUNDING Bill has been introduced in the House by Representative O. B. Potter, of New York, which seems likely to command a good deal of favor. It proposes to refund the entire national debt at two and a half per cent. interest, without changing the time when any part of it becomes payable, and provides that, in making the exchange, the holders of four per cent. and four and a half per cent. bonds shall receive, in addition to their two and a half per cent. bonds, an amount equal to the interest saved by the Government. The Bill reduces the tax on circulation of national banks one-half, and further authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase any class of bonds now payable when by so doing he can make it for the advantage of the Government. The great merit of the Bill seems to be that it brings all the debt to a uniform low interest and thus prevents it from reaching a premium, where the Government cannot purchase its bonds in extinguishment of the debt, except at a most burdensome rate and most oppressive taxation.

MR. HENRY GEORGE's "mission" to Great Britain has been a notable failure. His agrarian doctrines are condemned on all sides, even the Land Reformers pronouncing them utterly untenable. There can be no doubt that he has injured rather than helped the cause which he professes a desire to promote. The *Saturday Review* says of his latest publication, in which he elaborates his peculiar theories: "Mr. George's history is fiction, his economy moonshine, his proposal to make the state directly dependent on the changing seasons and the varying skill of agriculturists a piece of political madness," and it concludes its characterization by the very true remark that "his ethics are limited to the assertion of the divine right of robbery, and his theology an assumption that the divine thoughts are necessarily identical with Mr. George's crochets." Elsewhere the *Review* declares that "Mr. George's past is a fiction, and his future, if it could be brought about" (in logical harmony with his own ideas), "would be a pigsty." There are, in this country, not a few honest friends of Irish Land Reform who will readily assent to the justice of these criticisms upon Mr. George's expositions of the gospel of expropriation.

THE DISCOVERY of a bogus divorce factory over in Brooklyn, where illegal divorces were ground out by perjury and forgery, will tend to make ill-assorted couples "go slow" in the business of untying. That a common swindler should have the audacity to sit as referee, duly appointed by the Supreme Court, and that he should have the opportunity to flood the country with fraudulent divorces, so well and regularly executed that detection was postponed for years, is certainly amazing; and the fact that these divorces have been furnished to parties in various States, and that many thus freed have married again and raised families of children, will quite as certainly create consternation. The rascally chief of this concern had advertised in the newspapers of every State in the Union, promising

to secure divorces "secretly and for any cause," and it is said that these were secured by a clerk of the Supreme Court forging the judge's signature and affixing the seal of the county. In this way the conspirators turned out divorces as fast as they were wanted, to the great advantage of the chief, the clerk (who had eleven children to support), and a negro who acted as go-between.

REPRESENTATIVE COX, of this city, who has been conspicuous for his devotion to the interests of the Life-saving Service, has introduced a Bill for the establishment of additional stations at points on the sea and lake coasts where experience has shown them to be necessary for the protection of life and property. At one of these points there have been twenty-one disasters in the last ten years; at another twenty-five, and so on. Had there been properly equipped stations in the immediate vicinity of these places, the loss of life and property would, at least, have been largely diminished; and it is a little surprising that Congress has so long delayed the action which is now at last proposed.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

THE oyster pirates in Chesapeake Bay have been dispersed by the Virginia authorities.

A CARLOAD of Mormon converts from North and South Carolina and Georgia started for Utah last week.

COAL-MINING has been resumed in all the mines of the Ohio River district, where some 8,000 men are employed.

A BILL to prohibit speculating in tickets to places of amusement has been introduced in the Legislature of New York.

THE United States Senate has passed a Bill to provide for a proper building for the accommodation of the Congressional Library.

THE New York Assembly has appointed a special committee to investigate the Utica Insane Asylum, where brutal cruelties have been reported.

THE Congressional Committee appointed for the purpose has commenced the investigation of the anti-election riots at Danville, Va. The testimony is very conflicting.

A GANG of nine counterfeiters, who have been operating in Central Kentucky for a long time past, were last week arrested by United States officers and lodged in prison.

THERE are indications that an effort is making to secure a union of the conflicting Republican factions in the State of New York in favor of the renomination of President Arthur.

LIEUTENANT HABER, who brings home the recovered dead of the *Jeanette*, is to be given a public reception in the Opera House at Youngstown, O., upon his arrival there. Youngstown is the home of his parents.

A STATEMENT is made that the Metropolitan Opera House of New York is \$238,478 behind on the late season, and that an assessment of \$3,500 will be made upon each stockholder. Mr. Abbey will retire from the management.

AT CINCINNATI, on the morning of Friday last, four buildings, undermined by the floods, fell with a sudden crash. Fifty people were taken out of the wreck in safety, and twelve who are reported missing have undoubtedly perished.

THE contest for the National Democratic Convention is mainly between Chicago and Saratoga. The committee will be urged to fix the time of meeting for August, in which case the chances of the Western metropolis will be greatly increased.

THE Virginia Legislature has passed over the Governor's veto three Bills removing from him the power to appoint certain officials. One of the Bills places the appointment of all the election officers in the hands of boards created by the Legislature.

WHILE New York city and the Atlantic Coast were shrouded last week in thick fog, and the temperature was almost spring-like, Nevada and other Western States suffered from intense cold. At some points the thermometer registered forty-five degrees below zero.

THE MARYLAND Historical Society has fixed upon March 27th as the date for the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Maryland. A monument to commemorate the event is to be erected at St. Mary's at the expense of the State.

THE report of the *Proteus* Court of Inquiry censures Lieutenant Garlington for errors of judgment, and attributes to General Hazen, the Chief Signal Officer, grave errors and omissions, which, while not intentionally derelict, "either directly led or largely contributed to the abortive issue of the expedition."

THE SUPREME COURT in Philadelphia, last week, finally settled the appeal of the Pennsylvania Railroad from the decision of the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County, which affirmed the right of the City of Pittsburgh to tax the real estate of the company used for the transaction of its business. Execution will proceed immediately against the property in question.

IS the criminal court at Kansas City, all the indictments found in the State courts of Missouri against the bandit Frank James were dismissed. James was immediately taken into the Federal Court and charged with robbing the United States paymaster at Mussel Shoals, Ala. Judge Kreckel refused to admit the accused to bail, and advised that he be taken to the scene of his crime for trial.

Two of the New York Commissioners of Immigration last week made arguments before the House Committee on Commerce in behalf of legislation regulating immigration. They said that last year 185,000 pauper immigrants came to Canada, 72,800 of whom entered this country. At present there is no law by which such paupers can be returned, though paupers coming into American ports may be sent back. The Commissioners desire to have the law so amended that pauper immigrants from any foreign country may be returned.

##### FOREIGN.

BARON MOHRENHEIM has been appointed Russian Ambassador at Paris.

UNITED STATES MINISTER HUNT, who has been ill at St. Petersburg, is recovering his health.

THE TRIBES of Merv have taken the oath of submission and fidelity to the Czar.

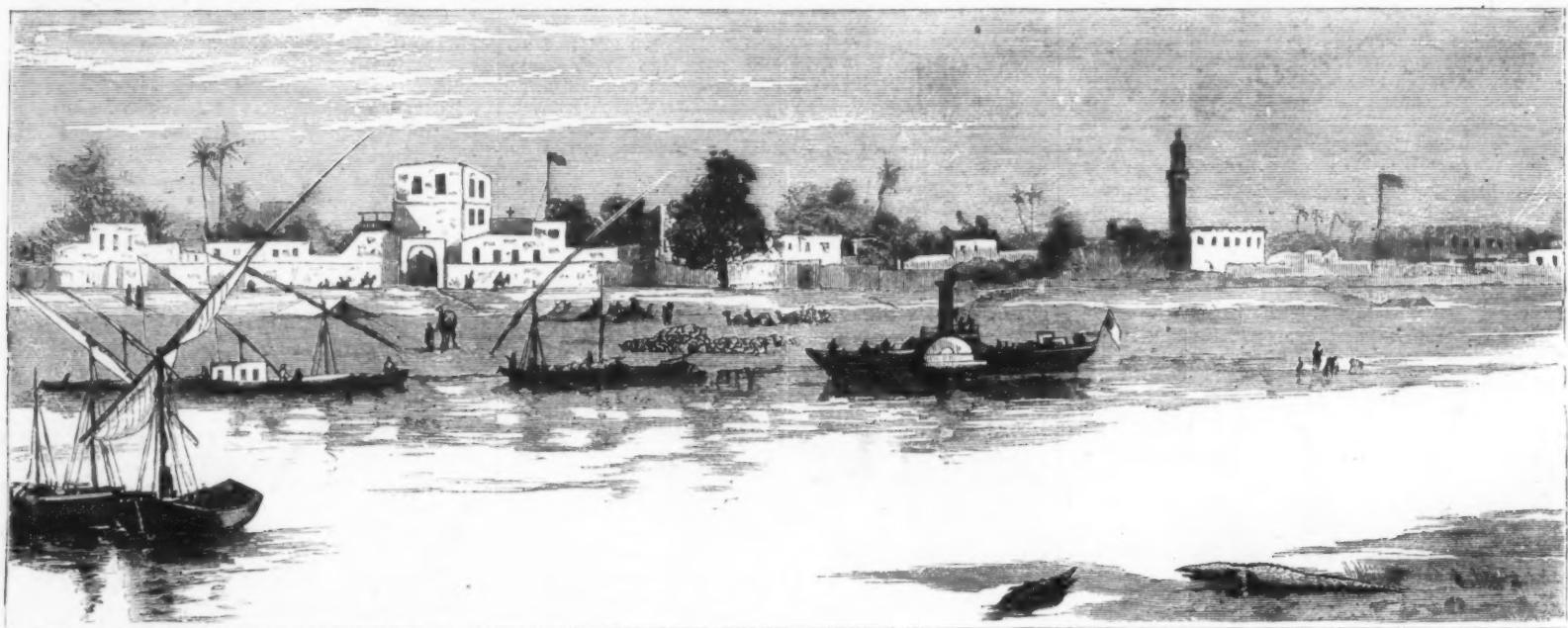
TEN thousand copies of the first edition of Queen Victoria's diary were sold on the first day after publication.

A VIOLENT earthquake has occurred at Bittiis, in Asiatic Turkey. A number of buildings were destroyed. Measures have been started for the relief of the sufferers.

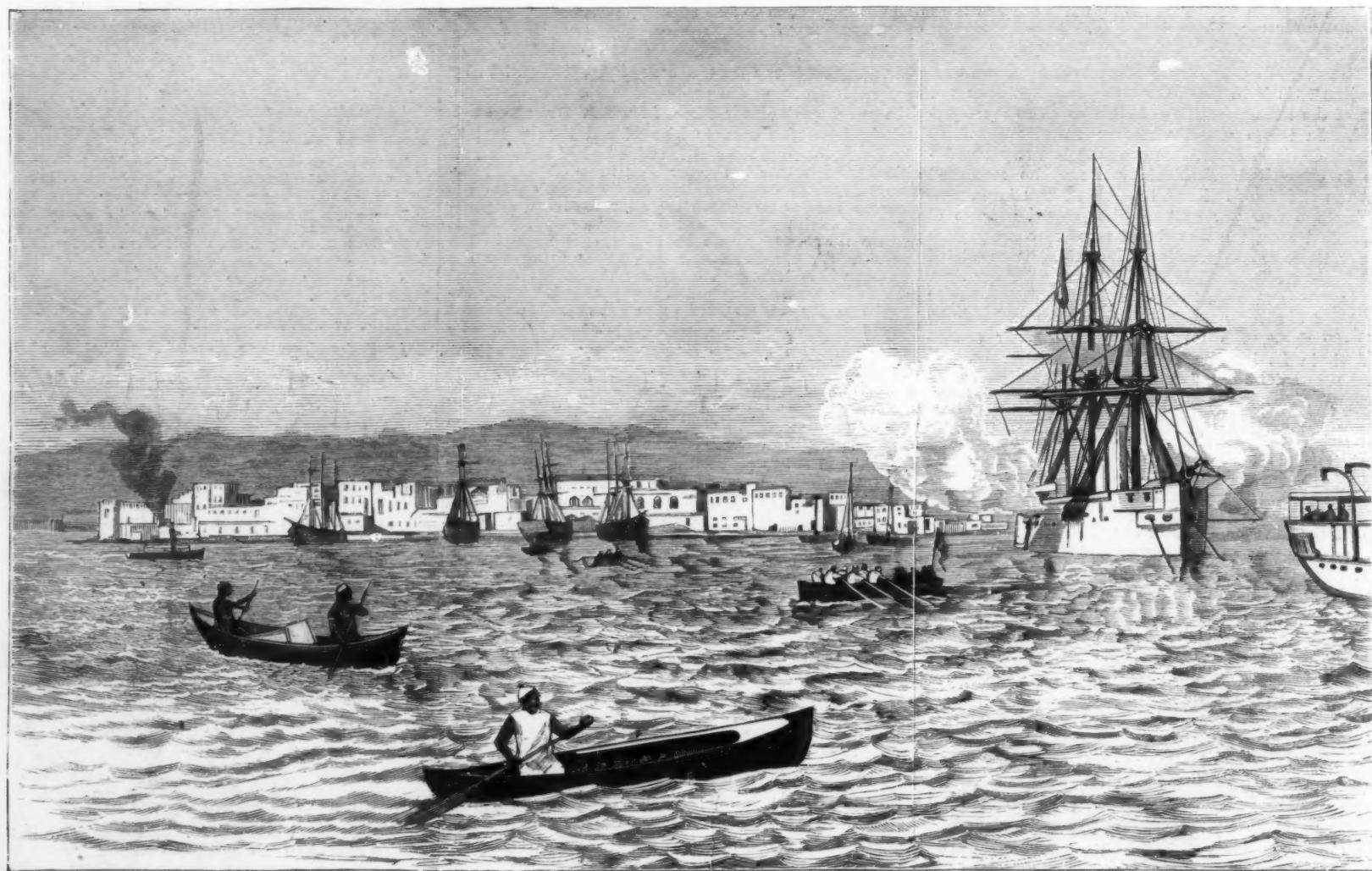
It is officially announced that the total subscriptions received for the new French Loan are three and a quarter times in excess of the amount asked for, and that subscriptions one and two-fifths in excess of that amount have already been paid in.

THE text of the commercial convention between Spain and the United States has just been signed, and goes into effect March 1st. It is identical with that made public on January 5th. But the clauses relating to the abrogation of tonnage duties on vessels sailing from America to Cuba and Porto Rico and to the abolition of the special duty on live fish imported into Cuba are to be submitted to the Cortes.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 7.



THE INSURRECTION IN THE SOUDAN.—BERBER, FROM THE WEST, WITH THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND.



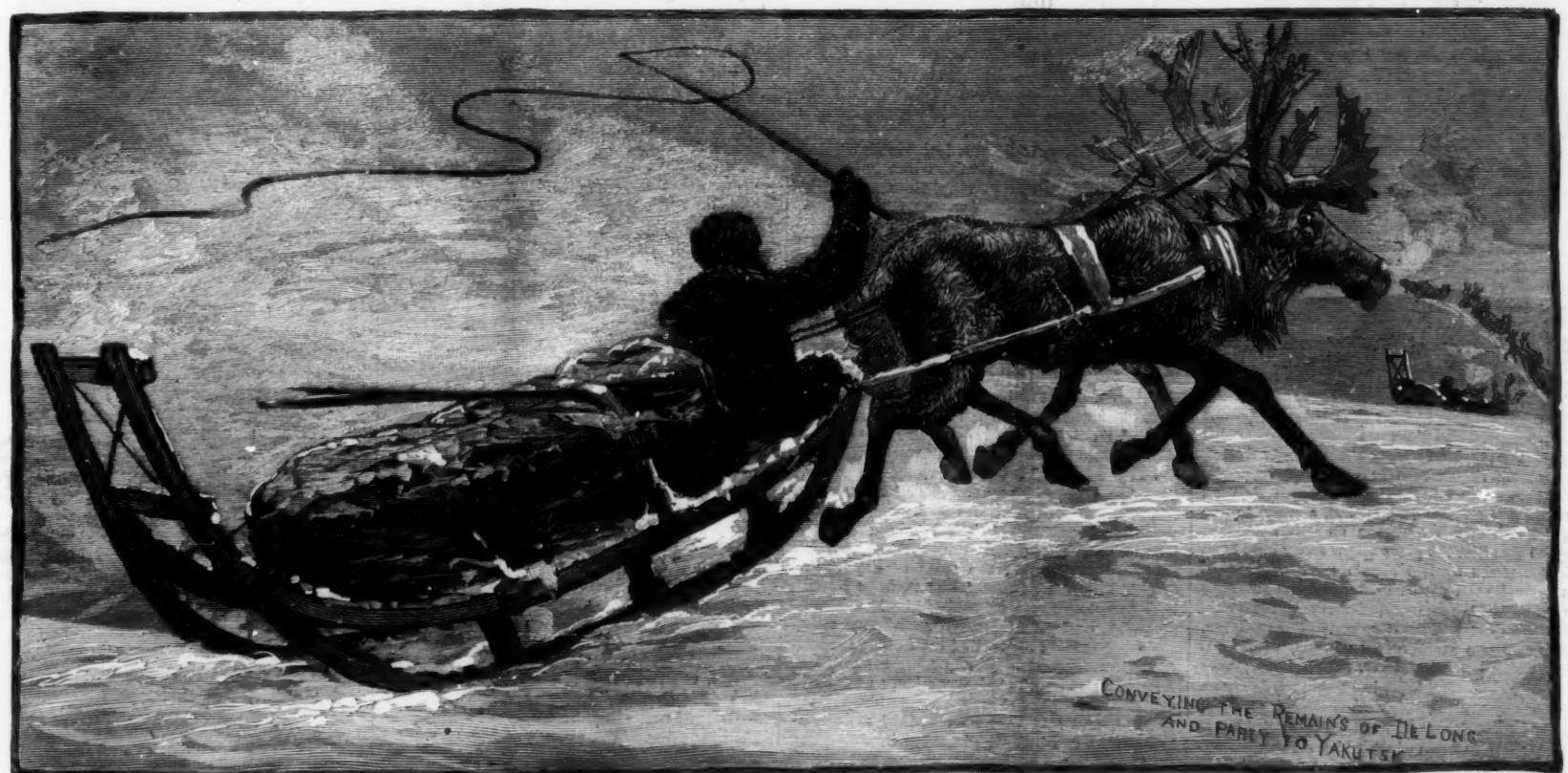
THE INSURRECTION IN THE SOUDAN.—SUAKIM, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR.



CHINA.—PREPARING FOR WAR IN TONQUIN.—ARTILLERY AT NINGPO.



TONQUIN.—THE CAMPAIGN UNIFORM OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITIONARY CORPS.



THE RETURN OF THE DEAD OF THE "JEANNETTE."—FINAL SCENES IN THE ARCTIC TRAGEDY.  
SEE PAGE 11.

## DOROTHY FORSTER.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "IN A GARDEN FAIR," "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.

## CHAPTER VIII.—A PRINCE IN ISRAEL.

**S**O the next day to Blanchland, a ride of nine miles across a moor as wild as any in England, and Tom, glum, partly on account of last night's wine and partly at the prospect of a whole year spent in this secluded spot.

"Consider, sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "the advantages of the plan. First, it will be impossible to spend any money. Next, your honor will have most excellent shooting and fishing; and as for society, there are my lord and his brothers within an easy ride. Your honor doth very well understand that it may be both a singular advantage for yourself to enjoy the friendship of a nobleman who hath the Prince's private ear, and to his lordship to have the benefit of your experience and advice in the conduct of his private affairs. As for that, I conceive it nothing short of a Providential interposition that at the moment when he should arrive, inexperienced and raw, he should find in your honor a wise adviser."

"That is true, Tony," said Tom, looking more cheerful. "Dilston Hall is not ten miles from Blanchland, and the wine is good. We will teach him how to drink it. These Frenchmen cannot drink."

But, as Lord Derwentwater was for the next six months entirely occupied with the survey of his own estates, not only in Northumberland, but also in Lancashire and Cumberland, we saw nothing of him, and spent our time without any company other than our own. Mr. Patten, it is true, was sometimes so kind as to ride across the moor from Allenhead, and by a coarse flattery (call it rather an abject surrender of his judgment), compared with which Mr. Hilyard's method was fine and delicate, he acquired an influence over Tom which afterwards did great harm. Certainly it was a quiet summer which we spent, and had Tom been content I should have been happy. Fortunately, her ladyship was pleased, and signified her pleasure in plain terms.

"I design not," she wrote, "that my nephew should live other than a gentleman of his name and position ought. But I am well pleased that you are for a space removed from the company of those who lead you into wasteful courses with horse-racing and wagers." Tom had been of late unfortunate—"of which it is now well-nigh time to have done. It is my lord's earnest desire that you should shortly take the place which becomes your family, and, on the retirement of your father, that you should represent the county in his stead. As this cannot be done without expense, and as we earn that your father is not willing to undertake the charge, having his second family to consider, it is the intention of my lord to make such an annual allowance out of his Northumberland estates as may suffice for your maintenance in such style as is befitting. This generosity I beg you to believe, is unmasked by me, though I confess that he knows very well the solicitude with which I watch the welfare of my nephew. To be guided, as well as to be assisted, by so great and good a man, should be considered by you an honor. I desire next to inform you that my lord the Bishop hath a great desire to converse with Lord Derwentwater, and that in a private and quiet manner which will give no opportunity for malicious tongues. A Bishop of the English Church cannot openly visit a Catholic peer, nor should he invite scandal and malignant whispers by entertaining in his own house so close a friend and so near a relation of the Prince. He wishes, therefore, that you should invite a hunting party to Blanchland in October, at which he, too, unless otherwise prevented, will be present. Among your guests be sure that Lord Derwentwater is present. So no more at present. Give Dorothy, your sister, my blessing and that of the Bishop.

"Your loving aunt,  
DOROTHY CREWE."

To be sure it was impossible to spend money at this quiet place, where there were no gentlemen to make matches, play cards and lay bets, no market town nearer than Hexham, no buying of horses, and no other people except ourselves and the hinds who tilled our lands. There is certainly nowhere in England a place which lies so remote from human habitation, unless it be in Allendale or among the Cheviots, as this old ruined Tower of Blanchland. Formerly it was a monastery, but was destroyed very long ago, in the reign of the first Edward, by party of marauding Scots, and was never afterwards rebuilt.

Blanchland lies along the valley of the Derwent in a deep hollow about the middle of the great moor called Hexhamshire Common, and ten or eleven miles south of Hexham; the stream is here quite little and shallow, babbling over pebbles and under trees; it is crossed by the stout old stone bridge built by the monks themselves, who once farmed the valley. The fields are now tilled by a few hinds who live about and around the quadrangle of the old monastery still marked by the ancient walls, behind which the rustics have built their cottages. The place has the aspect of an ancient and decayed college, the quadrangle having been neatly cobbled. Our own dwelling-house consisted of two buildings; one, which we used for company and visitors, is first, a great square tower which stands over the ancient gate—Mr. Hilyard says that the place might easily have been held for weeks against simple moss-troopers—it has several good rooms in it; and the second a part of the old monastery, including the refectory, a fair and noble hall, with a large kitchen below, and beside it a small modern house, within another ancient square tower. This house, very convenient in all respects, has a stone balcony on the north side, from which stone steps lead to the green meadow, which was once the monks' burying-place. The ruins of their chapel, an old roofless tower and the walls, are standing in the meadow. Within the old chapel grass grows between the flags, wallflowers flourish upon the walls; there is on one of the stones a figure and an inscription, which Mr. Hilyard interpreted to be that of a certain man once Forster to the Abbey. But

not a monument or a stone to the memory of the dead monks. They are gone and forgotten—names, and lives, and all—though their dust and ashes are beneath the feet of those who stand there. Bush and bramble grow round the chapel and cover the old graves, whose very mounds have now disappeared and are level with the turf.

We passed here a quiet time during the Spring and Summer of that year. In the morning Tom went a-fishing, or hunted the otter, or went after badgers, or some kind of vermin, of which there are great quantities on the moor. After dinner he commonly slept. After supper he drank whisky-punch, and to bed early. As for me, when my housewife duties were accomplished, I talked with the women-folk, who were simple and ignorant, but of good hearts; or walked up the valley along the south side, where there is a high sloping bank, or hill—to my mind very beautiful. It is covered with trees. By the middle of June these trees have put on their leaves, and among the leaves are the pink blossoms of the blueberries and the white flowers of the wild strawberry, to say nothing of the wild flowers which clothe the place in that month as with a carpet. Thus, in June, must have looked the Garden of Eden. In the afternoon Mr. Hilyard read to me, and we held converse in low whispers while Tom slept. And on Sunday morning the villagers came together, and Mr. Hilyard read the service appointed for the day. It was in June that Lord Derwentwater rode across the moor to visit us. We found that the shyness which he showed on his first return had gone altogether, being replaced by the most charming courtesy and condescension to all ranks. He had also begun to acquire the North Country manner of speech, and could converse with the common people. On his progress, if so it may be called, he was received everywhere with such joy that he was astonished, having as yet done nothing to deserve it.

"The gentlemen of Northumberland," he declared, "are the most hospitable in the whole world, and the women are the most beautiful—yes, Miss Dorothy, though they are but as the moon compared with one sun which I know. As for the moors the air is certainly the finest in the country." Then he told us of his travels, the people he had met with, and the things he had done and was going to do. He would enlarge Dilston; he would rebuild Langley; he would build a cottage on the banks of Derwentwater, where his ancestors once had a great house; here he would build boats, and then, with his friends, would float upon the still waters among the lovely islands of the lake, and listen to the cooing of the doves in the woods, or to the melodious blowing of horns upon the shore. This, he said, would be all the heaven he would ask if I was there to sit beside him in his boat.

Among other things that pleased him beside the universal welcome which he received, was that when he went into Lancashire—it is so small a trifling that it should not, perhaps, be mentioned—they made him Mayor of Walton. One would scarcely suppose that it was worthy of the dignity of so great a lord to be pleased with so small a thing. Yet he was, and, just as Tom and his friends loved to drink and laugh, and Mr. Hilyard (but of an evening only) to sing and act, and play the buffoon, so Lord Derwentwater himself was not free from what we may call, without irreverence, a besetting infirmity of his sex, and a blemish upon the character of many great men—I mean this love of tomfoolery. Now, the Mayor and Corporation of Walton is nothing in the world but a club of gentlemen held in a village of that name near Preston. Every member of the club held an office.

This burlesque of serious institutions appeared to Lord Derwentwater and, no doubt, to the other members of the club, a most humorous stroke; he laughed continually over their doings and sayings with Tom; and, in fact, so tickled him with the thing that the very next year he took the journey with the Earl to Preston, and there was elected into the club, and honored with the office of sergeant, while Mr. Hilyard, always to the front where fooling and play-acting was concerned, was made at once both poet-laureate and jester, which offices were happily vacant for him.

One may easily excuse this levity in Lord Derwentwater when one remembers that he and all his companions were as yet in their earliest manhood, before the vivacity of youth vanished. Tom, the eldest, was but six-and-twenty; Lord Derwentwater himself, the youngest, only twenty-one; all of them honest country gentlemen and their younger brothers, and none, as yet, sated with the pleasures of the wicked town.

Then began my lord to come often to Blanchland, and I to enjoy the most happy six months of my life. Only six months! Yet, all that went before and all that came after are to be counted as nothing compared with that brief period of happiness. He would come over in the morning, when Tom was out, and hold conversation with me either walking or in the old Refectory where we sat. We talked of many things which I have not forgotten, but cannot write down all I remember. Sometimes Mr. Hilyard was with us, and sometimes we were alone. We talked on high and lofty themes, as well as on little things of the moment. Once, walking among the ruins of the monks' chapel, I had the temerity—or perhaps the ill-breeding—to venture on asking him how it came about that a man of his knowledge and penetration could continue in the fold of the Roman Catholic Church.

He was not angry at the question, as might be expected (which shows his goodness of heart), but laughed, and said that he remained a Catholic because no one had yet succeeded in converting the Pope.

"Fair Doctor of Divinity," he added: "do not tempt me. There is nothing I would not willingly do for the sake of your *beaux yeux*: but ask not a thing which touches my honor. Loyalty I owe to my Church as much as to my King. My cousin

Dorothy would not surely advise a Radcliffe against his honor."

So no more was said at the time of Popery or matters of religion; as for matters political, naturally there was much talk, especially when letters and papers arrived from London with intelligence. The affairs of the French king were going badly; as Englishmen, we could not but rejoice therefore; yet the hopes of the Prince, so far as they rested on France, were decaying daily, wherefore we must be sorry; yet again, as if to put us in heart, it was reported that London was growing daily more favorable to the lawful sovereign.

"What London is, my lord," said Mr. Hilyard, ever anxious to glorify his native town, "that is the country. Yet the passions of the mob are fickle; we know not; to-day they brawl for the Chevalier; to-morrow they will throw up their caps for the Protestant religion and will plunder a Catholic ambassador's house. It hath been well observed that the mob is like Tiberius, who, to one beginning, 'You remember, Caesar?' replied, 'Nay; I do not remember what I was.'"

"We are a long way from Caesar," said the earl. "Let us, however, have no secret conspiracies and dark plots. There have been too many such already. It is not by treason that we shall bring back the king, but by the voice of the people. Never shall it be said that I, for one, dragged men from their homes to fight for their Prince, unless it was first made clear that the country was wholly for him."

"If London speaks, the nation will follow," Mr. Hilyard repeated.

"When the country gentry agree to rise," said Tom, "the thing is as good as done."

"Then let nothing be done," Lord Derwentwater added, "till the voice of the country is certain, and the gentlemen of the country can be depended upon. As for French bayonets, we want none of them. And for premature risings, let us countenance none of them, nor have to do with those who would bring them about."

The Summer passed away with such discourse. The hunting party was fixed for October the 30th. Mr. Hilyard, following her ladyship's instructions, designed to make it a small and private affair, but when it was known that the illustrious Lord Crewe, with his wife, would be present, there came so many promises of attendance, that order had to be taken for a very great quantity of provisions, the arrangement for which cost myself and Jenny Lee many a long day's work. On the 29th the Bishop and Lady Crewe rode from Bishop's Auckland, a distance of twenty miles, over rough country ways—a long ride for a man between seventy and eighty years of age. When we heard that they were visible from the hill, Tom and I went forth to meet them, and led them from the bridge to the porch.

When Lady Crewe, whom then I saw for the first time since a child, dismounted, I perceived, though she was wrapped in a great thick hood covering her from head to foot, that she had brown curling hair like mine own, and dark eyes of a singular brightness, which my own also somewhat resembled, and that she was of the same height, though stouter, then being about the age of forty.

"So," she said to Tom, "thou art my nephew and my co-heir. Kiss my cheek, Tom. We shall have a great deal to say."

Then Tom assisted the bishop to dismount.

"Welcome, my lord," he said, "to your own house and manor of Blanchland."

"As for its being mine own nephew Forster," said his lordship, "thou must ask thy aunt. She will not willingly let Bamborough and Blanchland go to a Crewe."

Then we led them within, and I received my aunt's gloves and muff, after kindly greetings from her, but I observed that her eyes followed Tom.

I would have knelt to the bishop for his blessing, but he raised me saying, kindly:

"Let me see thy face, Miss Dorothy the younger. Why—so—there are Forsters still, I see. Wife, here is the living picture of a certain maid with whom I fell in love twenty years ago. Thou art not so beautiful in my eyes, child, as thy aunt, but I doubt not there are plenty who—"

"He hath the face of Ferdinand," cried my aunt, speaking of Tom, "and the voice of poor Will. But perhaps most he favors my father, Sir William."

Lord Crewe bestowed upon Tom a passing glance which showed me that he was less interested than his wife in the male Forsters.

When she had removed her traveling attire, and appeared, her hair dressed in a *fontange* with Colberton lace, her silk dress looped to show the rich petticoat beneath, the lace upon her sleeve, her gold chain, and, above all, the surpassing dignity of her carriage and beauty of her face (though now in her fortieth year), I owned to myself that I had never before seen a lady so stately or so truly handsome, or so completely becoming her exalted rank as the wife either of an English bishop or an English baron.

"What are thy thoughts, child?" she asked, smiling, because I am sure she knew very well what they were.

"Madam," I replied, "with respect, I was but thinking how the people everywhere, not only the gentlefolk, but the common folk, and not only at Bamborough, but here and at Alnwick and everywhere, speak still of the beautiful Dorothy Forster—and that now I know at length what they mean."

"Tut, tut," she replied; but she laughed and blushed. "Tut, tut," tapping my cheek with her fan, but yet well pleased. "Silly child! Beauty is but for a day. We women have our little Summer of good looks. A few years and it is over. I am an old woman now. But you, my dear, may look into the glass and see there what your aunt was like when she, like you, was nineteen years of age."

Then we sat down to supper, Mr. Hilyard being

first presented. He would have absented himself altogether, being modest and much afraid of the Lord Bishop, but my lady asked for him, and was good enough to insist upon his presence. Conversation was grave and serious, chiefly sustained by the bishop, Mr. Hilyard saying never a word, but keeping his eyes on the table, and mightily relieved when at nine his lordship begged to be excused, on the ground that they had traveled far, and that now he was old and must to bed betimes.

"You have put us in the Haunted Chamber, Dorothy," said Lady Crewe. "It was there that Sir Claudio died. When I was a child, I looked every day after dark for his ghost. But it never came. Yes, Blanchland is a strange, ghostly place. The people used to speak of terrible things."

The bishop gave her his hand.

"Come, my dear," he said. "I engage to drive away any ghosts that come to disturb your sleep."

Nathaniel, Lord Crewe, of Stene, in Northamptonshire, and Bishop of Durham, was at this time seventy-seven years of age, which we rightly consider a very great age indeed. There were in him, however, none of the infirmities of age; his walk was as firm, his eye as clear, his voice as vigorous, his seat on horseback as steady, as in most men at fifty. In appearance he was most singular. For he wore his own hair, and not a wig; this was long, and abundant, and perfectly white; on his upper lip was a small whisker or mustache; he always had upon his head a little velvet cap; he was in person tall and spare; in his carriage, he stooped somewhat—a fine, scholarly habit, as if caused by much reading and meditation; his eyes were black and piercing; his nose was straight and clear; his lips were set firm; and his chin was long and pointed.

No one is ignorant that this prelate incurred great odium during the reign of King James the Second for his support of that monarch's measures. I am not obliged to defend or to accuse his action. He was so good a man, and of so truly kind a heart, that one cannot believe he ever did or said a wrong thing. Certainly he never changed his principles, upholding Divine right and the lawful succession of the Stuarts, and making no secret of his doctrines. As become a bishop, however, he took no active share in the affairs of the party, except in this very year of grace, namely 1710. And his last words to his chaplain when he died, full of years, in 1722, were "Remember, Dick, never go over to the other side."

As for his wealth, he possessed as Lord Crewe his estates and the ancestral seat of Stene, with other manors and houses, in Northamptonshire. As Lord Bishop of Durham he enjoyed the revenues and the powers of a Prince Palatine, with six splendid castles, including Durham, Auckland and Norham, and eight great houses. He mostly kept his court (for truly it was little less), at Durham, where he entertained in the year 1677 the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, on his way to the North. A magnificent prelate, indeed, with the courage to declare and uphold his opinions; splendid in his carriage, his language, his dress, and in the liveries of his servants; one who ruled himself, his household, and his diocese with a firm hand; who spent freely, yet administered prudently; was affable to all except to those who would dispute his authority or his rank.

"And now, Tony," said Tom, when they were gone, "we cannot sing with a bishop in the house; but we can drink. The lemons, brave boy, and the whisky. Methinks her ladyship means well."

"So well," said Mr. Hilyard, "that your honor hath but to defer to her opinions and your fortunes will be higher even than I looked for. As for myself," he sighed, and looked miserable for the space of three and a half rummers of punch, when he cheered up and said that if starvation was before him all the more reason for enjoying the present moment, and that of all the choice gifts of Heaven, that of whisky-punch was certainly the one for which mankind should be most grateful. While he discoursed upon its merits I left them, and to bed.

END OF PART SEVEN.

## PLAIN FACTS AND A PLAIN DEMAND.

To the Legislature of the State of New York:

IN the New York *Herald* of the 13th instant there appeared the following:

"WHEELING, W. VA., Feb. 12th, 1884.—Ten thousand people are homeless in this city, and many of them are without bread, caused by the great Ohio River flood. Will you kindly contribute to the *Register* funds, and receive the blessings of the destitute thousands?" EDITOR "DAILY REGISTER."

From all along the banks of the roaring, rushing, angered Ohio comes the same story. Higher than ever before has the water risen, and greater than ever is the devastation and misery. On great streams like the Ohio and Mississippi the sacrifice made each year to the flood is something fearful. Business is at a total standstill, bridges, piers, wharves, merchandise, boats and property of all description, are carried away in the mad rush of the waters. Cities and towns, hamlets and villages, are flooded and destroyed, and millions and millions of dollars of damage is the direct consequence. Indirectly, we have the losses which are the natural sequence. Not merely material losses, which can be reckoned in dollars and cents, but, above all and beyond all, the poverty, sickness, misery, gloom and despair. What is the cause of these overflows? The answer is simple, and we trust that the lesson and the remedy will sink deep into the hearts of the people of our State. Never before in the history of a people has a more solemn obligation and duty been placed before a community and its legislative representatives than that which a few patriotic, unselfish men have sought to force upon a people and a representative body. For months men like Morris K. Jessup, Professor Isaac L. Rice, Samuel D. Babcock,

Francis B. Thurber, Dr. Franklin W. Hough, Charles A. Dana, Dr. Ferdinand Seeger, and a few others, have sounded the alarm. Not once but again and again these men have given their time, their labor, and no inconsiderable expenditure of private funds to the rousing of public sentiment to the vast, vital and far-reaching importance of preserving the Adirondack forests. They have been attacked and their motives have been impugned; but through good and through evil report they have held on in the course of what they deemed a patriotic duty. Even a superficial examination of the facts and arguments which they have laid before the people should have sufficed to show to the average legislator that this Adirondack question is no ordinary one; that it is, in reality, a question calling for the broadest and wisest statesmanship; and yet, we are sorry to record, when the gentlemen above named (accompanied by ex-Senator Wagstaff, George T. Gaden, John F. Henry, D. Willis James, Thomas B. Coddington, John B. Haskell and others) appeared before the New York Legislative Committee on Forests, of which Mr. B. Benton is Chairman, they were told by him that they must say their say in half an hour, and that the efforts of these gentlemen involved merely a desire to vent eloquence and the seeking of newspaper notoriety. Let us see. We repeat, what is the cause of these overflows? It requires but little investigation to prove that they are due to the reckless and wanton destruction of our forests. These woods once held back the rains and snows, and formed vast, natural sponges, through which the rain and snow slowly and gradually percolated into the rivers and streams. Not only this, but, furthermore, it is an undeniable fact that the influence of forests is to cause the distribution of the rain in frequent showers at short intervals throughout the year. Destroy these forests and expose the surfaces they once covered to the winds and storms and sun, and the rain and great masses of snow, at times of thaw, instead of being slowly and by natural degrees carried into our streams and water-courses, come down upon us, as our Western floods are now doing, in one vast mass. In the summer-time the reverse is the case. The spongy soil of the forests, which formerly had held and only gradually given off the rain, has, owing to its denudation of tree-covering, become dried out—or, in other words, it has lost its spongy, percolating character. Under the influence of the sun and winds, the rain, instead of passing through the soil and into the streams, is speedily evaporated. Competent authorities have shown that upon the Hudson, Mohawk, and the other rivers originating in the Adirondack wilderness, the destruction of the forests of that section would have a most disastrous effect—an effect not merely confined to the rivers, but also carrying ruin and destruction to the lowlands lying along their banks. The deep Winter's snows would remain unmelted till the thirteen hundred square miles of the present Adirondack water-shed might have a compact covering of snow equivalent to twelve inches of water. Spring, with its sunshine and showers, would suddenly release this latent ocean—36,241,930 heavy cubic feet of water would rush down at once through the valleys to the sea! While the Adirondack forests remain, these deep snows will be protected from the direct rays of the sun in Spring, and will slowly and gradually melt away.

These few facts are presented to our readers with a view to pointing the lesson of the hour. They by no means exhaust the question of the importance of the Adirondack forests not only to the economy and welfare of our own State, but also to our country at large. This is a question which affects the interests of every man, woman and child; it is of still greater import to the generations to come. It is not merely a question of commercial supremacy. The matter is not circumscribed to the interests of the City of New York. It means greater or less destruction of the agricultural value of our State. It means that with each year, the farmer will have to dig and to delve and toil the harder. It means that that great conservator of the interests of the people—the Erie Canal—as against the foul aggressions of railroad monopolists, shall be preserved, and not only preserved, but that the source of its power, its very life-blood—its water supply—shall be secured now and for all time.

#### THE OHIO RIVER FLOODS.

THE fears of a flood of unprecedented destruction in the Ohio Valley have been realized, and the full extent of the ravages of the waters cannot at the present time be estimated. At the very time when the waters had reached their supposed highest level, pouring rains came down, and the impression made by the mighty and relentless waters was both sublime and terrible. Whole towns were not only flooded, but absolutely submerged. At Cincinnati, the river rose more than seventy feet, and of the twenty-four square miles in the city corporation, ten were under water. Mill Creek was a lake, in some places as deep as Lake Erie. The scene was thus depicted on the day the flood reached its maximum height: "In the west end the water had reached such a height as to cause the greatest consternation. People on every street were moving out, some of them through fright, and others evidently none too soon. The high ground in Lincoln Park which had formed an island, gradually grew smaller, until it was a spot no larger than the top of a flour barrel. Thousands of people, forced out of employment, thronged the river front and the hilltops, to watch the mighty river and the scenes of destruction. All day the river was covered with drift from above, houses, barns, fences, rafts of logs and other loose property picked up by the flood. Covington was two-thirds under water. People who were staying in the second stories of their homes were taken out, with some of their goods, on rafts. Life-boats rowed through the flooded streets. Covington was fairly surrounded by water. The current over the pikes leading into the city was so swift that all travel had been stopped. In New- port the situation was even more appalling. Thirteen houses floated off into the Licking during the

night, and many others were lifted from their foundations. A large force of men was at work all night in putting up temporary buildings to shelter the homeless." In all the overflowed districts the devastation was most disastrous. At Pittsburgh alone the losses were estimated at three million dollars. Portions of Wheeling and of the country above and below were for days under water, and the scene was appalling. Huge rocks, trees, driftwood and small shanties were heaped together in the streets, and huge dams of houses and barns formed in places where the course of the waters was obstructed by trees. Fifty houses were jammed together and upon each other at the south end of the city. Thousands of persons are dependent upon the relief committee for subsistence, and the outlook is still gloomy. The worst suffering from the great disaster, however, was in the smaller towns between Wheeling and Cairo. At Portsmouth, Marietta, Gallipolis, Pomeroy, Parkersburg and Hannar, Ohio, Lawrenceburg and Evansburg, Indiana, Newport and other places in Kentucky, the face of the country was obliterated by a vast sea of turbid waters, and the homeless inhabitants encamped by thousands on the hilltops. The statement of the Mayor of Portsmouth may be taken as showing the desperate condition of a score of towns in the flooded district. He says: "Our city of over twelve thousand souls is entirely under water. Our people have been ferrying live stock to the hills for the past twenty hours. Over one-half of our city will be washed away. The water stands two, and in many houses four, feet deep on the second floor. Already over one hundred houses have floated away, and over one hundred others have turned and twisted, and I should say that two hundred frame houses are anchored with heavy rope, tied to trees and telegraph poles. When I say the ends of telegraph poles are under water in some parts of our city you can then form an idea of the volume of water." It was at this place, on the morning of the 10th instant, that a fire added its ravages to those of the flood. Owing to the fact that hose could not be laid, on account of the distance of the burning building from dry land, the flames made headway without check. At last a fire engine was loaded on a flatboat, and towed by men in skiffs to the vicinity of the fire. Six buildings were burned to the water's edge, and all the walls fell in.

A relief committee returning from Gallipolis reported five thousand persons encamped on the hills, and terribly in want of food and shelter. One hundred and fifty houses had floated away. Boats were landing at the Court House steps. The people were haggard and worn out from want of sleep, food and shelter. Nearly every business man was bankrupt. The coal mines at Syracuse were flooded. A house went by Middleport with a woman sitting on the gable end. Men rowed out to the house and appealed to her to get off, but she refused, saying that she had four babies below. The glass of the window was broken, and the children were seen floating around in the house dead. Reports from the other towns relate many similar scenes of sorrow and destitution.

Louisville and its suburbs suffered greatly. The rise there was the highest ever known, and many houses were swept over the falls. The suburb known as the "Point" was from the first a chief centre of interest, presenting a characteristic inundation scene. The majority of the houses are one-story cottages, and all of those were deserted, the river being up almost, if not quite, to the eaves. There were other and handsomer dwellings, and in the second and third stories of these the owners sought refuge. The faces of women and children were pressed against the window-panes as the boats passed by, some of them worn with anxiety, and some cheerful and indifferent to their surroundings. The relief boats here as elsewhere did good service among the destitute poor.

The food which they distributed was of the best and most substantial kind. There were large sides of bacon, and piles of fresh meat which looked exceedingly tempting to the hungry eyes, barrels of potatoes, onions and beans, large boxes of coffee and sugar, and any quantity of bread. Boats of another kind were those of the river pirates, who made the public calamity serve them as an opportunity for plunder. Several were surprised by the officers in the act of robbing deserted dwellings. Their plan was to row up and halloo. If no one answered they felt safe in pillaging the premises.

New Albany and Jeffersonville were for a time in a sorry plight. Not a square foot of the former city remained above water. The shutting down of the factories has thrown several thousand workmen out of employment, and destitution and suffering are inevitable. The farming country on the river bottom, west of the city, to Bridgeport and beyond, was entirely inundated. Many farmers have lost all they have and are encamped on the hills back of the city.

The urgent cry for relief which comes from the thousands of sufferers throughout these wide inundated regions must have prompt and liberal response. Congress has appropriated \$300,000 for their relief, and active measures for raising funds are now being taken in most of the larger cities. The requirements are great merely to furnish the unfortunate people temporarily with food and clothing.

We illustrate characteristic scenes at Cincinnati, Louisville, Lawrenceburg, Portsmouth, and other points along the Ohio River.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### THE PORT OF SUAKIM.

Suakin, Soudan's port on the Red Sea, is used as a base of operations by the Egyptian troops, and is protected by British gunboats lying in the harbor. Our illustration gives a general view of this interesting seaport from the water, and shows H. M. S. *Euryalus* firing a salute in honor of the Egyptian Governor as he goes ashore.

##### BERBER, IN THE SUDAN.

The town of Berber, one of the important points in the Soudan field of operations, is situated on the Nile, near the confluence of the Atbara. It stretches for several miles along the east bank of the river, and is mostly built of mud huts, but its fine trees and gardens give it a pleasant aspect. The population is between 5,000 and 6,000, mostly Berbers, or Nubians, from Dongola. From the north of Berber starts the Korosko road, while the Suakin road starts from the eastern side of the town. The latter is now closed by the insurgents. All merchandise coming from Khartoum must pass through Berber, and thence by one of these two routes. Khartoum, some two hundred miles southward, is reached by steamer on the Nile, and this is the route pursued by General Gordon in his journey to the capital. The route followed by Gordon from Cairo was first to As-

souan on the frontier of Lower Egypt, thence by river a hundred miles to Korosko, thence across the Nubian Desert, a journey of two hundred and fifty miles by camel, to Abu Hammed, on the Nile, and thence another hundred miles to Berber.

##### FRENCH TROOPS IN TONQUIN.

The regulation uniform of the French soldiers in Tonquin has been replaced by one more suited to the Summer heat of that region. The woolen jacket has been exchanged for a loose-fitting native garment of black silk, called the *keo*. The pantaloons are of the same material and color, while the cork helmet has been covered with a similar funeral stuff, in order to present a less shining mark to the Black Flag sharpshooters. The equipment consists of rifle, cartridge-box, canteen, and a linen pouch for provisions. The officers wear the same costume as the men, with the exception that their rank is indicated by bars of yellow silk upon the sleeve. General Bonet's only sign is two red stars on the sleeve of his *keo*. The Chinese war preparations still continue. We give an illustration of an artillery company at Ningpo.

#### FACTS OF INTEREST.

WHAT are known as "singing sands" have been hitherto believed to exist in but two places—one being in Europe, and the other in America. But recent investigations on the part of the Life-saving Service, under orders, have brought to light twenty-six examples of these phenomenal sands found in twenty-six different localities in the United States. The peculiarity of these sands consists in the fact that when trodden upon or otherwise disturbed they emit musical sounds.

In the northeastern part of Terra del Fuego the Ua people who intermarry frequently with the more southern Yaghans (as they are called by the English missionaries) are the tallest race on the globe, according to the report of the French mission to Cape Horn, presented to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, by Dr. Hahn. In stock and speech this tall people appear closely related to the Patagonians of the Continent.

PARIS is regarded as foremost in the absolute provision for manual training in connection with primary schools. Over a hundred schools in the French capital are now provided with workshops. At present they turn out articles of wood from planing benches and lathes. It is proposed soon to add iron to the material to be operated upon. This manual training is an addition to the ordinary studies of a primary school; the boys appear to like it, and it gives a new form of activity to their minds and valuable exercise to their muscles.

A BILL to amend the patent laws has passed the Senate. It provides that no person shall be barred from receiving a patent for an invention or discovery because of its having first been patented in a foreign country, unless it shall have been introduced into public use in the United States for more than two years prior to the application for such a patent in this country, and that a patent granted in the United States for an invention previously patented in a foreign country shall expire seventeen years from the date of the issue of such foreign patent, or if there be more than one such patent seventeen years from the date of the earliest.

ONE of the oldest houses in Baltimore is about to be replaced by modern warehouses. It is a two-story and attic dwelling built of imported bricks in a most unusual manner, builders of long experience saying that they never saw a similar structure. The joists are of white oak, and the lighter woodwork is of yellow pine. The moldings of the window-frames are solid, the pockets for the weights having been chiseled out. Every part of the building, including even the wrought-iron nails, is hand-made. Numerous old books and papers and English and Spanish coins dated early in the last century have been found secreted in different parts of the house.

MR. AND MRS. DEWEES, an old couple living near Canton, Ohio, recently broke a silence which they had maintained towards each other while living together for nearly a quarter of a century. Nearly twenty-five years ago Mrs. Dewees desired her husband to do a trifling thing which he regarded as either impossible or unwise, and he refused. She, becoming pertulant with disappointment, rashly exclaimed: "If you don't, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live." "I not only will not do it," he said, aroused to anger, "but I will not speak to you until you speak first to me." At first it was difficult for them to repress the impulse to speak to each other, but, being persons of strong will, they stuck doggedly to their resolutions until habit made it easy to do so. On the night when the silence was broken Mrs. Dewees had been ill for several days, and about one o'clock in the morning she awoke in great pain, and thought her end had come. In her agony she called to her husband: "William, I believe I am dying!" She did not die, however, and the old couple have been talking to each other ever since.

#### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

FEBRUARY 9TH—In Winfield, L. L., the Rev. Frederick R. Freeman, aged 78 years; in Clinton, N. Y., ex-President Simeon North, of Halcott College, aged 81 years; in New York, John Queen, a well-known character actor, aged 41 years. February 10th—In Brooklyn, William A. Vreeland, an old and well-known New York. February 11th—At Pelham, N. Y., the Rev. Washington Roosevelt, for fifty-one years a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church; in New York, Dr. Thomas C. Kendrick, a well-known insurance adjuster. February 12th—At St. Clair Springs, Mich., Colonel Hezekiah Watkins, of New York city, recently appointed by President Arthur as one of the commissioners to inspect a section of the Northern Pacific Railroad; in Edinburgh, Scotland, John Hutton Balfour, F. R. S., Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, and author of several valuable books, aged 76 years. February 13th—In Chatham, N. J., the Rev. Joseph M. Ogden, D.D., for fifty years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at that place, aged 80 years. February 14th—In New York, Richard G. Radway, well-known chemist, member of the Produce Exchange, etc., aged 55 years; in New York, Ralph W. Booth, formerly a leading hardware merchant of Cincinnati, and latterly President of the Consolidated Fruit Jar Company, of this city, aged 66 years. February 15th—In Camden, N. J., Captain Henry King, a well-known sea captain, aged 94 years; in Washington, D. C., Dr. Charles M. Ford, a prominent physician of that city, and a native of New York, aged 43 years.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne has contributed \$500 to the Montreal public charities.

SIGNOR SALVINI announces that he has given up all attempt to master the English language.

O'DONOVAN, the famous war-correspondent, has been identified among the dead at El Obeid.

THE scenes of Jules Verne's next story, it is facetiously remarked, will lie in the Southern Seas.

MRS. CHARLES STRATTON, Tom Thumb's widow, has applied for a license to open a museum in Bowery, New York city.

EX-MAYOR OAKLEY HALL is working hard in London, and, besides his law practice, writes weekly letters to several newspapers in this country.

COLONEL JOHN HAY and Mr. Mather, sons-in-law of the late Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, with their wives, receive about \$1,250,000 each from the estate, now settled.

ADVICES from South Africa report the death of Cetewayo, the famous Zulu chieftain, of heart disease. The report may possibly prove to be unfounded, as others of like tenor have proved in the past.

PERR HYACINTHE, while speaking in New Orleans recently, said that "by the cession of Louisiana to the United States and England, the death-warrant of a great French empire in America was signed. I would almost call this a crime."

THE Princess Louise has recently regained the youthfulness of appearance which she possessed before her late visit to Canada. At a recent wedding she wore a dark-red satin, with bonnet to match, and a box and muff of skunk fur.

DION BOUCICAULT is writing a book on the players of his time. The veteran dramatist and actor has a prodigious fund of information about the actors of this generation, and as he is a remarkably independent thinker when he has a pen in his hand, such a book ought to be one of extraordinary interest.

MR. DANIEL E. BANDMANN, the well-known actor, has just returned to this country, having accomplished a remarkably successful tour of India, Australia and China, lasting over a period of nearly four years. Mr. Bandmann was surprised to find that he was patronized chiefly, not by Europeans, but by the natives, whose knowledge of Shakespeare's works surprised him.

THE Princess of Wales has a slight lameness which prevents her walking with ease, and she dislikes to appear publicly where walking is a necessity. It is said that the Princess's deafness, which has long been a great infirmity, is now so bad that it cuts her off from ready intercourse with society, and that she begins to shrink, not unnaturally, from the outside world.

CAPTAIN TUTTLE, a veteran whaler and Arctic explorer, who has a marvelous history, is now in Leadville. He and his crew were wrecked off the Cannibal Islands, where they were all killed and eaten by the natives except the captain, who was crowned king. He wielded the sceptre for many years, but finally went to the Sandwich Islands. He is now in the United States, trying to regulate the tariff on sugar. He is seventy-two years old, but healthy and hearty.

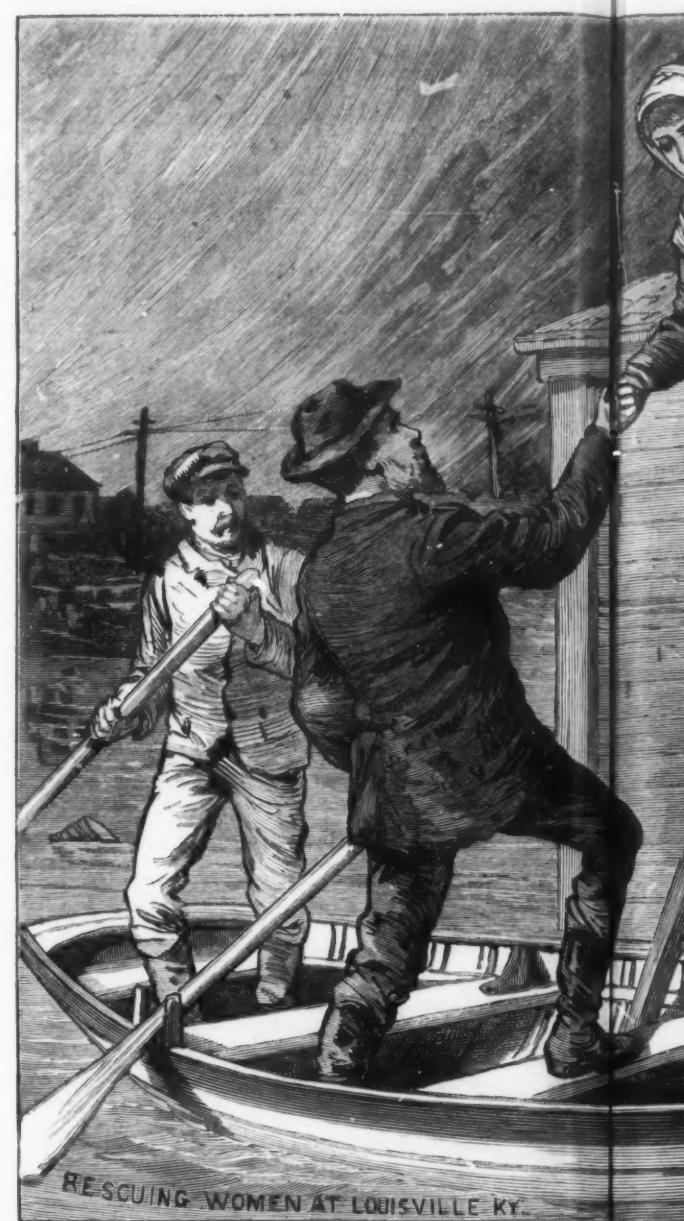
MISS ROSINA EMMET, a direct descendant of the great Irish patriot Robert Emmet, and an artist of some reputation, has just completed an oil painting of her distinguished ancestor for the Speranza Club, of Yorkville. It is the only genuine large oil painting extant of Emmet, and was copied from a small portrait by Petrie, an artist who had been allowed to attend Emmet's execution while Emmet was on the scaffold. Petrie sketched him upon the palm of his hand and made the portrait from this.

THE new "Immortal," Edouard Pailleron, can boast the most varied experience of any living French dramatist. He has practiced law, like Francois Villon. He has been in the army. He has lived a forest life with the painters of Fontainebleau. He has wandered in Eastern lands with the artist Beaune, who painted a portrait of him in Arab costume. He came to Paris to turn poet under the guidance of Pierre Dupont. Then he became a successful dramatist, and now he is an Academician.

RIGHTS HON. SIR HENRY BOUVERIE BRAND is about to resign the office of Speaker of the British House of Commons, which he has filled to the eminent satisfaction of both Conservatives and Liberals ever since February, 1872, when he was put forward as the Government candidate and elected without opposition. His retirement from the position he has so long adorned will be universally regretted. The Government candidate for the place which he leaves vacant is Mr. Arthur Wellesley Peel, who sits for Warwick. He is the youngest son of Sir Robert Peel, the well-known Minister, and has been in Parliament since 1865. He has filled at different times various subordinate positions in the Government.

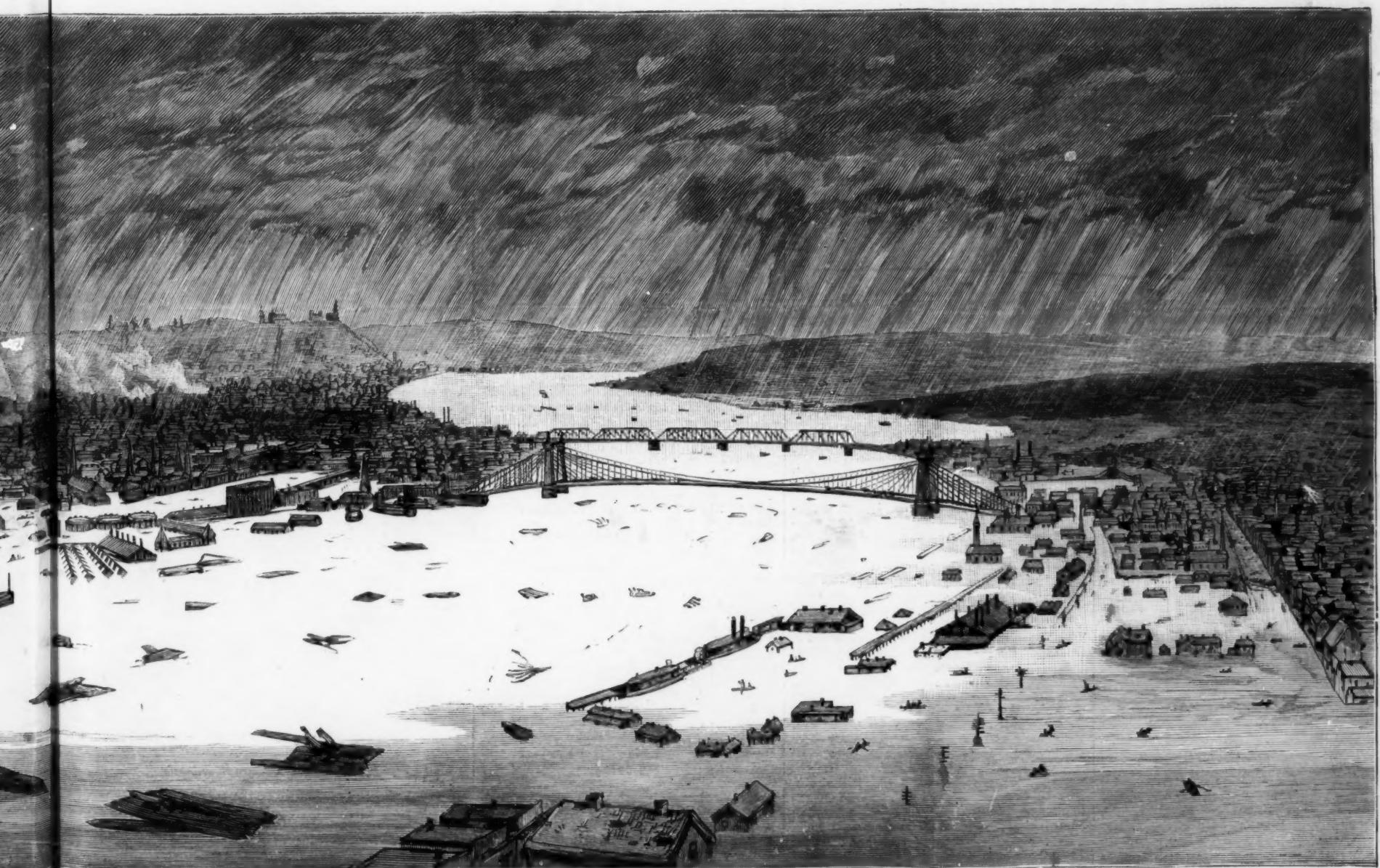
GENERAL GRANT has written a letter to settle an animated discussion which has been going on in the columns of the *Toledo Blade*, as to whether the Army has refused to charge the enemy the second time at the Battle of Cold Harbor when ordered, as is stated in most histories of the late Civil War. He says: "In reply to the question asked, I will say that I never gave any order to any army that I commanded during the rebellion to make an attack where it was disobeyed. It is possible, but I do not remember the circumstances, that I have given an order for an attack for a certain hour and afterwards concluded that it would be better, possibly, not to make it, and have sent orders countermanding, but I do not remember that any such circumstance as that took place at Cold Harbor."

A NUMBER of very interesting relics of the poet Thomas Moore have just been received by Mr. George W. Childs, the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, from an old friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, a gentleman of distinction in literary and artistic circles, and editor of the *Art Journal*. The relics consist of a small deal table, with an ivory plate bearing the following inscription: "This table, that stood during many years in the Terrace Walk at Sloperston, was bequeathed to Mrs. S. C. Hall by Bessy Moore, the widow of the poet Thomas Moore"; a miniature, sweet-toned harp, presented to the poet by his Limerick friends, and upon which he often played as he sang his Irish melodies; his college gown, much the worse for wear; his silver pencil-case; a small brooch made of one of his sleeve-links; and a variety of lesser matters. Mr. Childs possesses, as is well known, a unique collection of literary mementoes, to which his recent acquisition will be a valuable addition.



THE OHIO RIVER FLOODS.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF DEVASTATION AT CINCINNATI,

CINCINNATI FROM THE RIVER.



FROM THE RIVER.

NEWPORT AND COVINGTON.

CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, AND OTHER POINTS.—FROM SKETCHES BY G. F. MONROE.—SEE PAGE 7.

## IN THE COLISEUM.

(B. C. 55.)

PALLID and mute, with wan eyes reft of hope,  
Conscious of purity and defying fate,  
She stands before grim Nero in his state,  
While on the sand gaunt, famished lions grope.

The retiarius cleaves the guarding rope;  
The blood-mad monsters bound; alas, too late  
The helping hand to rescue from their hate  
Her timorous frailty on the deadly slope.

But she shrinks not, and aureoles of love  
Shine in her eyes, that dream of no far home;  
Nor does she tremble at the crouching death—  
She holds no last sweet thought of Christ above,  
But 'mid the clamor of Imperial Rome,  
Murmurs her lover's name with dying breath!

F. S. SALTUS.

## PRIVATE BLAKE'S MISFORTUNE.

"I BEG your pardon, Miss Milbrook; but don't thrust your head among the sage-brush. You've no idea of the danger."

Miss Sue Milbrook looked up very much startled. She had imagined she was quite alone on the prairie. Here was Private Blake again.

"Rattlesnakes," he said, in explanation. "There is no place in the United States where they are so numerous as in Montana, and they sometimes strike without warning, although books on natural history insist differently."

"Thanks for reminding me," retorted the young lady, after a minute, a little embarrassed. "I remember hearing that an Indian boy was bitten a few days ago while looking for sponge-mushrooms. Do you know whether he has recovered? They said he had scarcely a chance."

"Our surgeon, Dr. Shannon, has succeeded in pulling him through, Miss Milbrook; but it was a very narrow escape. You know the doctor is very skillful, with all his peculiarities."

"Skillful physicians are always peculiar, at least as far as my experience goes; always cross and harsh, at any rate," returned the young lady, laughing. "But Dr. Shannon has a kind heart, I am sure."

"There is none kinder if you can reach it," said the soldier, earnestly.

Private Blake was tall, elegant and very handsome. He was dark and graceful—a picturesque and mysterious person. For the twentieth time Miss Sue Milbrook found herself wondering how it came that he was a common soldier in the army, away out here in this dismal part of the world. He looked like a runaway prince, and she had already understood that he had a secret. How was it that she happened to come upon him so often? Yesterday, the day before, and now again to-day, and always in some solitary place, and she never encountered him without feeling her heart leap into her throat. He frightened her just a little, and also, it was undeniable, interested her. She had somehow been thinking about him at intervals ever since she had first seen him. In his presence she was stirred oddly. Certainly she had never seen any one so handsome, and his manner was so easy, gentle and attractive. There was not an officer at the post who had to such an extent the indefinable air of a gentleman.

"I suppose you have been in the army a long while," she said, conjecturing the contrary. "You seem to know all about the strange life here."

"Not very long, Miss Milbrook; but there is so little that is new that one does not take long to become acquainted with everything. We very seldom see young ladies at these Western posts."

"My presence is quite accidental. Papa, you know, is in real estate in New York, and he has become interested in the Montana mines. His transactions are complicated in some way, and so he was obliged to visit the Territory. Colonel Dexter, he learned, was the commanding officer at this post, and, being an old schoolfellow, he would not fail to visit him, being in the neighborhood, and so you see my presence here is very natural, after all," and she laughed and paused for a moment; and then, as the private said nothing, she added: "I wonder if everybody else at the post has such a commonplace story?"

Private Blake understood her at once and flushed slightly. What might have happened next—whether the mysterious soldier might have revealed something about himself—is uncertain. An officer—Lieutenant Esdale—was seen walking towards them, with a rather stern look on his face.

"Blake, do you know there is a dress parade this evening? My coat needs brushing. You will find it in my room."

Private Blake turned scarlet, saluted and strode away. The lieutenant, lifting his cap to Miss Milbrook, said:

"These fellows are always loitering, and some of them are not particularly distinguished for modesty. I suppose this man has been boring you to death."

"No," she said, a little coldly. "He simply came to warn me of the dangers of the prairie."

So they chatted a little, the lieutenant vexed as he thought of the private's impertinence. Pretty young ladies were rare visitors in this locality. Fancy the assurance of a common soldier trying his fascinations on this lovely guest. They walked back to the fort together, Miss Milbrook growing as they talked slightly more gracious.

And now a somewhat curious romance set in at this frontier fort, where things were ordinarily so quiet that the arrival of the mail was one of the greatest of sensations. Life in general was, with all the glitter and brilliancy that is supposed to surround a military existence, but a dismal routine—reveille, roll-call, the sick-call, the fatigue-call, the drill, the retreat, occasionally the dress parade, tattoo and taps. Now and then there was a court-martial, and at rare intervals a ball. And yet Fort McCusland was a large one—some seven or eight companies of infantry and a corresponding number of officers.

The arrival of Miss Milbrook with her father had been decidedly an event. A young lady much less pretty would have aroused interest; but she was, by the general verdict, beautiful. Even the married officers were impressed, and what shall be said of those unmarried? A goddess descending suddenly could scarcely have created a greater thrill and stir.

But now something odd arose—something that set people talking confidentially—the officers, at least, who exchanged confidences with one another. The two or three ladies of the garrison, all of whom were married, gossiped darkly and indignant. The handsome visitor from the East was showing an unmistakable interest in that mysterious personage, Private Blake.

On the dress parade, in the march and counter-march, her eyes followed him. His tall and graceful figure, however, would have arrested any one's attention. His romantic appearance even overcame the depressing disadvantages of his uniform, perhaps the ugliest a private soldier wears in any country. There were also meetings, quite by accident, brief but interesting, no doubt, if the private was as romantic as he looked. He seemed to have quite captivated the young lady. There were many who did not hesitate to say how scandalous they considered this state of affairs. It was even said there were notes passing between the two.

More than a month had now passed. It was a beautiful morning, and Miss Milbrook was standing below the bluff on the river bank, but not alone. Private Blake was at her side, and they chatted earnestly. Somehow—through the stolen meetings or the secret notes—they had come to an understanding. It is an old story that love cannot be shut out by bolts and bars; no more can it by the stern restraints of military discipline or the limits of social rank. Perhaps Miss Milbrook had found out that the private was a prince in disguise; at all events, she was defying public opinion. He had so far succeeded in his wooing, notwithstanding the difficulties, that he had reached the privilege of taking her by the hand. He was smiling upon her downcast face, and it was quite a pretty love picture.

"We live in a prosaic world," the soldier was saying, "and if you knew my true story you might not think half so well of me. The best I can say of myself is that I have been rather a fool, and I did not realize it until too late. Are you sure that you are not acting a little unwisely? Is it not a monstrous folly to thus engage yourself to a fellow like me—a poor dog of a private in the army, about whom you know nothing?"

"You have assured me, Philip, that you have never done anything dishonorable, and that your presence here is simply a misfortune. Why should I be ashamed to love you, and why, if I love you, should I be ashamed to marry you? I am willing to wait ever so long."

"You may not have to wait so long as you imagine," he returned, more earnestly. "Dearest Sue, I have been thinking of something—don't imagine that I have any idea of deserting—but let me beg this: that whatever you may hear of me in the future, do not be frightened."

"You frighten me, already, Philip."

"No; there will be no harm. But if, when you have returned to the East and your bright home, there should come news—sad or even shocking news—of Private Blake—news of an accident or misfortune to him—do not worry. Trust his promise and assertion, now, that all will be for the best. May I believe that you will rely on this?"

He was still smiling and holding her hand, watching her fair face.

"Yes, Philip; I will trust anything you say."

He would, perhaps, have drawn her to him, but at this moment there was the sound of voices behind them, and two persons were seen descending the bluff, with fierce looks and angry steps. They were Mr. Milbrook and Colonel Dexter, commander of the post. The lovers turned pale—Blake, it was plain, felt, as he had so often, the humiliation of his position.

"Blake, what are you doing here?" said Colonel Dexter. "I have been observing you for some time. Go to your quarters, I shall have something to say to you, sir, by-and-by."

"My morning duties have all been performed, sir," returned the soldier, quietly.

"Do you answer me, sir?" cried the excitable officer. "Go back to the fort at once and consider yourself under arrest. I will attend to your case."

Blake saluted and turned away. Miss Milbrook, as young ladies sometimes do under such mortifying circumstances as the present, began to cry, and the romantic situation dissolved rather ingloriously.

What Mr. Milbrook said to his daughter afterwards is unknown; but next day, early and without ceremonious farewells, they left the fort, and it may be readily believed that their visit and all the circumstances that occurred in connection with it were long a subject of gossip, and perhaps in some quarters of uncharitable satire and comment.

Life's dull round at the garrison proved much drearier than usual after this for Private Blake. A reprimand followed his technical arrest, to which he said nothing. He maintained his reserve; and, as might be supposed, he was not much of a favorite with his comrades, although he more than once showed that if he preferred his own society to that of others, it was not from pride. Thus were affairs proceeding when one day Blake was in a detail, under Lieutenant Esdale, engaged in some experiments in gunnery. An accident occurred. The fuse of a shell became ignited as it lay on the ground. Blake was the first to observe the danger, but not until too late to prevent an explosion. Esdale stood where death was certain, but in that one instant that remained Private Blake threw himself upon the officer in front, and with his great strength absolutely hauled him out of the way. But when the shock came a fragment

struck Blake upon the back of the head, and he fell apparently lifeless. Esdale was also thrown down, but he rose presently uninjured.

This, it was thought, was the last of Private Blake, and he was picked up and carried, on a litter, to the hospital, and in a few minutes Dr. Shannon was anxiously at work about his bedside. The Irish surgeon was short, thick, red-faced and energetic. He had seen forty years' practice, some of it pretty hard. Like many of the faculty, with a rough and brusque manner, he had a kind heart. He was afraid of his case, and for a while bustled about impatiently and using language to the attendants that would not look well in print; but upon his evening visit he came forth much brighter, and at dinner with Colonel Dexter and some of the other officers, he announced positively that Private Blake would live.

"But it was a close shave," said the doctor, swallowing his wine.

Private Blake was in the hospital three weeks, in course of which a very strange feature developed in his case. From the time he was struck until the doctor had him on his feet he never uttered a word. When he was spoken to he took no notice, and when he desired to convey a wish of any kind he did so by signs. He had evidently lost both speech and hearing by the shock he had undergone. The surgeon was a good deal astonished, but he had read of like cases before, and there are several in the medical literature of the last war, besides instances of men who lost the same faculties during battle from fright and nervous excitement. It was a species of paralysis, and Dr. Shannon wrote an interesting paper for the *Spaula* about it.

When Private Blake was quite well except this infirmity, which might or might not be permanent, he was relieved from the usual military duties of guard-mounting, parading, and the like, and brought into the colonel's quarters as a sort of servant. He had taught himself the sign language, and as he had merely to obey instructions and did not require explanations, there was no great inconvenience from his misfortune. He moved about silently at his work, with that patient bearing which nearly all who are afflicted wear. He was alert and watchful of the faces of his superiors, and so quick of apprehension that the simplest gesture was sometimes sufficient to convey to him what was desired. And so his dismal and monotonous existence went on.

One evening there was a little dinner-party at Colonel Dexter's quarters. There were no ladies present, and the wine circulated merrily. Stories were told and several of the younger men ventured upon a song. One gentleman, who had been stage-struck before he took to military life, gave a tragic recitation. Private Blake was among those who waited, but the wit and music and dramatic skill were lost upon him. He looked on as immovable as the sphinx.

At length the merriment for a while died away, and the gentlemen fell into rather a lugubrious mood. What a fate to be cast away to a desert place like this where there was no society, no resources, no amusements. Bitterly they contrasted it with the luck of those happy, but for the most part undeserving, dogs who passed their time in Washington—some of them had been there for ten and fifteen years, by Jove! It was impossible to dislodge them.

"A terrapin, canvas-back and pretty women life," said Lieutenant Esdale. "Here we never see a new face, pretty or ugly."

"How about Miss Milbrook?" inquired Captain Allingham, who knew the lieutenant had been a little sweet in that quarter.

"By-the-way," said Colonel Dexter, "I heard from Miss Milbrook to-day."

Private Blake suddenly uttered an odd sound and spilled the water he was pouring into Esdale's glass. The movement attracted instant attention. The lieutenant looked up astonished, and Blake flushed violently, his eyes downcast and his hand still trembling. But then he placed the pitcher on the sideboard and returned quickly to his position behind Colonel Dexter. As he did so he became aware that the surgeon, Dr. Shannon, was watching him with a peculiar and angry stare.

"What in the deuce is the matter with that fellow?" said the doctor, and swiftly he ordered him in the sign language to leave the room.

"It's my belief," said the surgeon, "that the fellow's a malingerer. He's no more dead and dumb than I am. Didn't I hear that his discharge had been applied for?"

"I told you that I thought of applying for it," replied Colonel Dexter. "I confess I believe he is shamming. As soon as he heard Miss Milbrook's name he lost control of himself. You know that—that ridiculous infatuation he fell into? This surpasses everything, upon my honor. It must be looked into. Why, do you know, gentlemen, there was a case in our company—it was just after the Mexican War—and here the colonel went into one of his good stories.

Then it appeared that Dr. Shannon had also had his experiences with malingerers, and some curious narratives he related. The ingenuity of some of the rogues was incredible. On shipboard once a fellow had simulated a horrible deformity—paralysis of the limbs—for four months. One day he hobbled ashore. When he had got some distance up the street he suddenly turned and danced a hornpipe and fled. Other anecdotes were told of like tenor, and amusing.

So now the private was under a far from agreeable suspicion. Next day he was summoned to the colonel's quarters, and, in presence of Dr. Shannon, a very emphatic lecture was delivered to him, to all of which he said nothing, and his handsome face betrayed no ray of intelligence. When he had been dismissed Dr. Shannon said, in his sharp, abrupt way:

"My opinion is unchanged. He is playing us a trick; but I think I know several myself as good as it. I'll trap him yet."

Thus Private Blake lost the sympathy he formerly created, and a new and much less pleasant interest grew up in him. He was looked upon as a clever rascal playing a game, and there was a sense of excitement over the contest between him and the doctor and the officers. The physician had all the shrewdness of his profession—the cunning and adroitness of a man who had seen much of the slipperiest side of human nature. He tried all the devices he could think of or had read about. Some of his experiments were very curious. The deaf man was spoken to suddenly, or he was sometimes awakened violently out of his sleep, to throw him off his guard, and even his dreams were watched; but all these attempts were ineffective. On one occasion, while the letters were being delivered, his name was called among the rest in routine fashion, and a folded envelope was carelessly extended by the sergeant. Blake did not come forward or betray any consciousness that he was interested in the distribution. Some of his comrades were bribed into assisting these stratagems. All plots, however, failed, and it began to be admitted that Private Blake had actually lost his speech and hearing. The greatest actor could not play the part so consistently and well.

Dr. Shannon was a great deal vexed and disappointed. He had felt ever that this man was a malingerer, but it had proven impossible to entrap him. All the evidence pointed in the other direction. There was no shutting one's eyes to facts. And yet in the doctor's mind rankled that odd scene at dinner. Was it really an accident?

At length it was decided to forward Private Blake's application for discharge. Colonel Dexter signed it freely. He was convinced. The surgeon bit his pen-handle with a thoughtful frown, looking down at the paper.

"I must own I've been beaten," he said. "Such masterly acting is impossible. I was sure the fellow was soldiering; but, by Jove! it can't be! I'll sign for him, although it's as humiliating a task as I ever had. It's the first time I've ever been obliged to write myself down a fool."

But, with all his temper and rudeness, the Irish doctor had a large, tender place in his heart, and he felt how unjust and cruel it would be to keep Blake longer where he was. And so, with his wild and illegible scrawl, the surgeon appended his name.

Blake, with his misfortune, had fallen into a kind of stupidity, such as is natural to those who are unaware of the greater part of what is going on about them. He soon became known as "Dummy," and met with the rudeness and neglect which is accorded the superfluous. He performed his duties, however, with unfailing integrity—he was a sort of steward—and no one could complain. But now and then he sighed, and when he was alone his handsome face sometimes assumed an expression of melancholy that touched the sympathies of those who watched him.

Some months had now passed and nothing had been heard from the War Department, where things always move slowly. Poor Blake seemed to be growing heart-sick. He was thin and pale. The shock of his accident seemed to be telling on him. One never gets over such things at that time of life. It was Summer again, and nature was again beautiful even in this wilderness.

The afternoon was particularly lovely, warm indeed, but one of those clear, crystal days, with soft winds and intensely blue skies, that make the world so bright and life so well worth the living. Private Blake had been conducted to Colonel Dexter's office—a lofty situation in the general quarters, where in torrid weather the most refreshing breezes were to be had. Lieutenant Esdale was also present.

The War Department had at length been heard from and the afflicted man was to know his fate.

"Go to Dr. Shannon's quarters," said Colonel Dexter, holding the letter in his hand. "I will follow immediately."

The lieutenant delivered the order to his companion in the mute language, and led the way. They marched on, Private Blake, tall and erect, striding behind. The stairs in this order they descended, each busy with his own thoughts. As they came to the second landing Blake in passing glanced out of the window, listlessly and indifferently, and then suddenly staggered and threw up his hands.

"My God! It is she!" he exclaimed.

Esdale was transfixed—stared at him and then walked to the window and looked out and down. There in the quadrangle below was a beautiful girl leaning on an old gentleman's arm. It was Miss Milbrook and her father, and they were slowly crossing the parade-ground.

Esdale turned, and, with his back to the window, fixed his stern gaze upon the ashen countenance of Private Blake. He had never seen a more piteous face. Upon it there was entreaty and despair.

"Blake," said the lieutenant, "you have betrayed yourself at last."

The soldier struggled with himself for a moment and then his voice came forth as from the throat of a man choking. "In God's name spare me! I saved your life at the risk of my own."

There was a sound of footsteps on the stairway above them, and both glanced up, but stillness followed and no one was visible. A little pause succeeded, and then said Esdale:

"It was a bold and masterly game, Blake, and every one was deceived. I am afraid you will fare badly from the failure in the end."

"Mercy, mercy!" said the miserable man, with clasped hands. "No one knows my secret but you."

The lieutenant looked at him in silence, then shook his head and motioned him to follow, and they went on. They descended to the courtyard and crossed the parade-ground to Dr. Shannon's quarters. Both glanced about for the two strangers they had seen from the window, but they had disappeared.

The surgeon was at his desk and quite a number of the officers had gathered, for Blake's case had

naturally created great interest. When he entered with the lieutenant all were struck with the alteration in his appearance. He was pale as a sick man, and a little murmur of sympathy went about.

A minute Colonel Dexter arrived, anxious and hurried. He threw himself into a chair and drew out his papers, and then quickly mounted his gold eyeglasses. His manner had a curious nervousness.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you know about this case. Application was made for the discharge from the service of Private Philip Blake for the reason that through an unfortunate accident his auditory and vocal nerves had become paralyzed, and he was no longer capable of performing a soldier's duty. At first, I admit, and, indeed, every one knows, there was some suspicion and distrust over the case. Medical literature, as Dr. Shannon assured me, afforded very few like cases—none, indeed, exactly like it. But still the occurrence was possible, and, as we gradually became convinced, the present was unquestionably a genuine instance in point. Dr. Shannon, therefore, with me, signed the application for the discharge, and the reply of the Secretary of War arrived to-day."

"I own that I was for a long time wholly incredulous," said Dr. Shannon, "and you have heard me frequently so confess myself. There was a circumstance one day at dinner which especially roused my suspicions—most of you were present and know what it was. But the events which have happened since—the failure of the most ingenious devices I could invent to induce this man to betray himself if he were malingering—has induced me to change my mind, and I am now convinced that he is truly afflicted as he has appeared to be."

"You may therefore communicate to Private Blake, Lieutenant Esdale," said the colonel, glancing toward the latter, "the fact that upon our representations the War Department has granted his discharge, provided we have not since discovered anything changing our belief that his affliction is real. Before you do so, however," proceeded the officer, raising his voice slightly, "I should mention a peculiar circumstance that has occurred within the last half-hour. It rests with Lieutenant Esdale to explain it. As you were descending this stairway with this man, lieutenant, from my office some twenty minutes ago I started to follow you. Just as I was about to cross the threshold of my room I fancied I heard voices in conversation on the landing below. There was, it seems to me, an exclamation and then a hurried sound, little above a whisper, of entreaty and remonstrance. One of the voices resembled greatly that of this man, Blake, as I remembered it; the other, lieutenant, was yours. I confess I was thunderstruck; but still it is possible that I may have been deceived. A single word from you, lieutenant, will settle the matter. If anything occurred unexpectedly in your presence to cause Blake to betray himself, it rests with you to say so. I know that by an extraordinary display of courage and self-sacrifice he once saved your life, very nearly at the loss of his own. Such instances of heroism are rare, and a man is seldom willing to die even for his own brother—his father! Where this terrible danger has been incurred the obligation outweighs all difference of rank and is sacred. The proudest and most despotic monarchies have not hesitated to publicly recognize it. At the verge of the grave all men are equal. I imagine, I say, Lieutenant Esdale, that I heard this man, Blake, utter an exclamation in your presence; but I declare that I could by no means say so positively. It may have been fancy, or you alone may have been speaking. I do not wish you to say one word to relieve my doubt; but if you remain silent I shall understand that I am mistaken, and Private Blake is free henceforth."

All had by this time drawn closer in the utmost astonishment. Dr. Shannon had risen from his chair. Esdale was pale and red by turns, his eyes downcast. Private Blake sighed heavily, with his hand upon his heart, and there was a frightful pause, and then he stepped forward, almost staggering, and raising his head and facing his colonel, he said, huskily but distinctly:

"Lieutenant Esdale shall not lie for me, Colonel Dexter. By saving his life I did not purchase his honor. I have deceived you all. My whole conduct has been a tissue of falsehood from the beginning. There was never a moment from the time I was restored to consciousness after the accident that I could not hear and speak as well as any one in this room."

At this instant there was a movement at the door, and two persons entered. They were Mr. Milbrook and his daughter. Blake turned, and when he saw her, he made a step in her direction, with outstretched hands, tottered and fainted.

\* \* \* \* \*

So Private Blake's elaborate scheme, honorable or the reverse, had failed. A new complication, it now turned out, had arisen. Miss Milbrook had been brought back to the post to save her life. She must see her lover again, or her physician would not be responsible for the consequences. The story of his misfortune had somehow reached her at her home in the East, and there could be no further delay. So this was the explanation of the present second visit.

The situation was thus, as we see, most romantic. What was to be done? The lady, it was clear, could not live without her lover. He was only a private soldier in the army, but love equalizes all. Now, however, came mysterious intimations that the handsome and enigmatical Private Blake has a history. He was summoned before Colonel Dexter and Mr. Milbrook, and, a little sternly, questions were put. How had he come to enlist—the last resource, in the world's view, of the desperate? Well, it was nothing so remarkable after all. He had quarreled with his aunt four or five years before on the subject of taking Orders in the Church. The thing was impossible, and they had parted on the question. He tried making his own living—literature, painting, and even the stage. When he

made his appearance as *Claude Melnotte*, and his bow as an actor, he sent the old lady a bill of the play. She was in bed three days, and on the fourth she changed her will for the last time and cut him out of it altogether. But Philip Blake found it hard to succeed. Everything he touched failed him—his novel did not sell, his pictures he could scarcely give away, and his theatrical progress was remarkably the reverse of the usual experience. He began with *Macbeth*, and the next night he was cast by the stage-manager for a waiter. In disgust and despair he finally decided to enlist, and so in due course he found himself at Fort McCusland in the wilds of Montana.

This dismal history was duly investigated and found to be true. It was, of course, impossible, as all reasonable minds could see, to keep so interesting a young man in such a position and a beautiful young lady in corresponding distress, her health also daily declining. Something must be done. Correspondence was opened with Miss Lydia Glint, the wealthy maiden aunt. Her nephew was repentant and had been driven by her obduracy very nearly to suicide or ruin. Could she, as a Christian, refuse longer to see him? Mr. Milbrook hurried East and saw the Secretary of War. Here was a very peculiar case—the circumstances extraordinary. He would have to discharge this young man, who in a fit of despondency, if not of actual insanity, had entered the service. The law would not countenance his being held under such circumstances.

And so, after a good deal of excitement and pressure, Private Blake was set free. Miss Sue herself handed him the papers from the War Department, this time no conditions involved. And next day came a letter from tender-hearted, wrong-headed Aunt Lydia, calling her graceless nephew to her. He would go, of course, but before September there was to be a wedding. And so in a few days it came off—the first that had ever occurred at Fort McCusland. Great was the excitement. Lieutenant Esdale was the best man. It was holiday at the fort, and there was a great dinner, and at night a ball.

"Good cometh out of evil," said Dr. Shannon, lighting his cigar as he walked to his quarters at two o'clock in the morning, the band playing the last waltz, and Captain Allingham at his side. "Isn't that what the Good Book says? By Jove, I am not very clear in my religious reading, but I've heard the expression somewhere. The luckiest thing that ever happened to Private Blake was his celebrated misfortune."

#### BRINGING HOME THE "JEANNETTE'S" DEAD.

IT was on the 23d of March, 1882, that Chief Engineer Melville found the bodies of Lieutenant De Long and his handful of men of the *Jeannette* expedition buried in the snow and ice on the bleak shore of Siberia, at the Lena Delta. The details of that melancholy search and discovery have been told. The searching party came upon an old tent, the remains of a fire, and some pieces of Arctic willow, of which the starving men had made a substitute for tea. A frozen hand protruding from the snow, marked the whereabouts of De Long's body. Those of Dr. Ambler and the Chinese cook lay close by, while a little distance off, buried in the snow beside a forlorn tent, were found the remains of Dr. Collins, Boyd and Gartz. A temporary tomb was built, in which the bodies were deposited until arrangements could be made for their removal. In the meantime, Lieutenant Gile B. Harber and Master W. H. Schuetze, of the navy, were thoroughly exploring the Delta in search of Lieutenant Chipp's boat-crew, no trace of which was ever found. The news of the finding of the bodies of De Long's party reached Lieutenant Harber while thus engaged, and instructions were telegraphed him from Washington to go to the tomb at Matveh in order to make preparations for the removal of the bodies to the United States. This was not done, however, until every portion of the Lena Delta had been diligently explored in the vain endeavour to find some trace of Lieutenant Chipp and his unfortunate party; and it was not until the month of August, 1882, that Lieutenant Harber was enabled to pay his first visit to the tomb of De Long. It was decided to delay the removal of the bodies until the beginning of Winter, traveling being almost impossible in the Summer, owing to lack of roads. Lieutenant Harber, having ascended the river to Yakutsk, made all possible preparations for the transfer; and then, with Mr. Schuetze and a Cossack, and a train of six sleds, started for the tomb, just a year and five days after Chief Engineer Melville had begun his journey to search for De Long. The whole Winter was spent in the expedition, but after many hardships the party returned in safety to Yakutsk, bringing the bodies with them, on March 29th, 1883, just as the thawing weather set in. The cross erected by Melville at Matveh was repaired and left standing. At Yakutsk the bodies were again placed in a temporary tomb, where they remained until the beginning of the sledding weather last November. The homeward journey from Yakutsk was begun November 28th, 1883, and the party reached Hamburg on the 4th of the present month, having transported the dead 5,761 miles by reindeer and horse sleds, and 2,290 miles by railroad, the time occupied in travel being sixty-three days. Official and popular demonstrations occurred at Tomsk, Omsk, Moscow, Berlin, and, in fact, every town through which the *corps* passed. And now, after lying dead for two years, the poor remains of the commander of the *Jeannette* and his companions are brought home to receive their final honors from the thousands who have traced their wandering course through the white North, and listened breathlessly to the simple and pathetic tale of their heroic sufferings and death. Our illustrations depict some of the scenes of the tragedy of which they were the conspicuous figures.

#### WINTER SCENES IN CANADA.

TO the American who visits Montreal in mid-winter for the first time, this half French city presents a succession of surprises that naturally causes him to stare with all his eyes. Provided with the ordinary overcoat, and a pair of ear-flaps as extra precaution, he arrives in Canada to find that his ulster, albeit thick and woolly and warm-lined, feels like a linen duster, and that the

sooner he becomes Canadian in attire the less prospect lies before him of being nipped to death. Entering a clothing store, he boldly invests, and emerges on the street to find the air, that but a moment ago chilled him to the marrow, brisk, exhilarating, champagne. He feels, after he has buckled on his Canadian armor, as though he had a bottle of Dry Monopoly beneath his vest. In the mild and bracing intoxication of the wondrous Winter atmosphere, he regards the snow as maidens the Spring violets, and wanders about the city in the joyous consciousness of being "all there" and "immensely fit." One of the first objects that attracts his cheery attention is the ice-house ingeniously constructed by cab-drivers as a shelter against the weather. Passing a file of these fur-clad Jehu's, he penetrates the interior. What is that well-known perfume that strikes his excited nostrils? Yes! No! It is—it is! and, groping his way to a bar, he friskily demands the usual, which is furnished him from a recessed cellar in the snow. Passing along the tunnelled streets, he beholds a runaway, and perceives the occupants of the cozy sleigh decanted into snow-banks, from whence he assists to dig them, to find them not a whit the worse of the mishap. He comes across an itinerant candy-vender, wrapped up like a polar bear, his pipe giving forth a volume of white smoke that ascends in rings and spiral columns over his shoulder. Our American stands to gaze in wonder at an old French sleigh that spins dreamily along, and is fascinated opposite the rude store of a fish-seller, built in close proximity to where the fish are captured, by the side of which the vendor earns a tolerable living. The quaint, antique houses in the French quarter prove sources of intense pleasure, and out on the St. Lawrence the practical American wanders, in company with a snow-dumping sleigh, in order to be able to give Commissioner Coleman a "straight tip" on his return to New York. His visit to Canada has proved so entertaining that he vows to return, especially as he is now inside the ropes and fully equipped.

#### SIGNOR PERUGINI.

SIGNOR PERUGINI, the popular tenor, now singing at the Casino in the rôle of the *Marquis*, in Strauss's comic opera, "The Merry War," is yet a young man, though his professional experience has been long and varied. Born in 1853, he made his first appearance on the stage at the age of eight years, with the Holman Family, in Rossini's opera of "Cinderella." At the age of seventeen, young Perugini sang with the Hess English Opera Combination, and in 1872 in Augustin Daly's grand production of Offenbach's "Le Roi Carotte" at the Grand Opera House, in New York. The same year he went to London, sang for Madame Parepa, and was engaged as first tenor of the first Carl Rosa Opera Company, making his début at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, as *Fra Diavolo*, and remaining with the company during the entire season. His next engagement was with Mr. D'Oyley Carte to sing in comic opera at the Opera Comique, London, in "La Branche Cassée." After a successful season of eighteen months, Signor Perugini went to Italy, and made his début at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan, in "Il Barbiere," with such success that it was followed by engagements to sing in Italian Opera in Parma, Padua, Florence, Genoa, Turin, Naples, Venice, Vienna, Bucharest and Berlin. Returning to America, he became a member of the Hess & Strakosch Opera Company, and created in this country the part of *Faust* in Boito's "Mefistofele." After an engagement at Covent Garden, London, he was re-engaged by Mr. Max Strakosch, and supported Madame Etelka Gerster in her repertory. Inducements offering to sing in English comic opera, Signor Perugini accepted an engagement under Mr. McCaull's management, singing the part of *Cervantes* in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" for one hundred and fifty nights, and that of the *King* for fifty more. During the present season he sang in "Faust" with the Mapleson Grand Opera Company at the Academy of Music; then, returning to Mr. McCaull's company, he sang the *Beggar Student* sixty-seven times, between Philadelphia and Brooklyn. His present appearances, in the successful revival of "The Merry War," are likely to be his last in America, as he will leave in the coming Spring to resume his career in Italy.

#### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TARCHOFF has discovered that the white of eggs of those birds whose young are born unfertilized differs from ordinary albumen, its most striking peculiarity being that it remains transparent after coagulation by heat.

THE place now being taken by steel plates and angles in British manufactures is shown by the fact that, whereas in 1879 the steel-built vessels on the Clyde amounted to only 18,000 tons, in 1882 they reached 108,254, and in 1883, 129,651, out of a total of 420,000 tons.

THE Pope is greatly interested in the subject of ecclesiastical education. He is anxious that special attention should be paid to physical science, with a view to confounding such men as Tyndall, Huxley and Herbert Spencer whenever their teachings are in conflict with revelation.

ECONOMIC botanists can no longer say seaweeds are of little importance, for the last new thing is that they are being employed in the manufacture of "Gooseberry Jelly." The jelly is obtained from seaweeds, colored by some substance, and flavored by acetic ether, tartaric acid, small quantities of benzoic, succinic, and cantharic acids, and aldehyde.

PHOSPHOR-COPPER is increasing in use in the manufacture of copper and copper alloys. Herr W. G. Otto, of Darmstadt, says it is well known that the action of phosphorus (i. e., phosphor-copper) consists principally in its reducing properties, by virtue of which the oxygen which was absorbed by the molten metal, or rather the oxides thereby produced are removed, and there is consequently imparted to the metal that degree of homogeneity, strength and toughness which are peculiar to the chemically pure metal.

A USEFUL invention by an Italian is attracting attention abroad. It is a new system for concentrating the magnetic force of the compass needle: it acts well even when placed in a plain iron box and in any part of a ship. Navigation will, one would think, be benefited greatly by this invention, as hitherto, especially on long voyages, captains have had to put the compass in most inconvenient places, sometimes even high on the masts, to keep the instrument far from the influence of iron. The utility of this new system has been recognized by the Italian Ministry of Marine, and the inventor has been authorized to submit it to the Royal Hydrographic Office at Genoa.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MOUNT ETNA is again in a state of eruption.

THE New Prince's Theatre in London has an iron drop curtain. This is the second of the kind constructed in England.

It is announced that the cable between Haiphong and Saigon has been completed. The cable communicates with Thuuan, at the mouth of the Hué River.

THE Pope has summoned the French Bishops to Rome, to confer with them upon measures to arouse the Catholic spirit in France and counteract the anti-religious propaganda.

It is reported that a mass of ice near the Caspian Sea, upon which some fifty fishermen were at work, was carried out to sea. All the fishermen are believed to have been drowned.

TWO ATTENDANTS in the Utica Insane Asylum "calmed" a patient by breaking his jaw and most of his ribs. The patient died, and an investigation is being conducted by a special Assembly Committee on Lunatic Asylums.

THE President of Switzerland has sent a circular letter to the various European Governments, inviting them to participate in a conference at Berne for the purpose of establishing an international code of literary copyright.

THE recent sinking of the ground at Hazleton, Pa., caused much alarm. The surface was depressed from eight to fifteen feet in a space of about seventy feet square, and the remainder of the tract sunk from one to five feet.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is renewing his efforts to effect a reconciliation between Prince Frederick Charles and his wife. He has appointed Count Rannitz, in behalf of the Prince, to meet General Blumenthal, in behalf of the Princess, to arrange a basis for a reconciliation.

THE wire-fence controversy in Nebraska is the antithesis of that in Texas. In Nebraska it is a ranch company which has fenced in, as it is alleged, 52,000 acres of grazing land belonging to the public domain, and the United States District Attorney has begun suit for the removal of the fence, averring that settlers have been prevented from taking up the land.

THERE is much excitement in Paris over the gambling scandal in the fashionable club known as the Petit Cercle. In several packs of cards the fives as well as the court cards were marked. The amount of securities found under the confidential valet's bed is now said to have been 1,000,000 francs. The club will be thoroughly reorganized, and a new ballot for members will be held.

A DISPATCH from London announces a legal decision bearing upon the right of property in dramatic works. In the case of Howard vs. Harris, in the Court of Queen's Bench, it has been decided that when the manuscript of a play left with a manager is lost the author cannot bring action to recover damages of the manager unless a positive agreement has been made for its return.

A TEMPERANCE party has been formed in the British Parliament, and a committee has been appointed to keep a watch upon all proposals which promise in any way to affect the liquor traffic. The members in favor of woman's suffrage have decided that, when the Franchise Bill is introduced, they will propose an amendment granting equal suffrage to male and female householders.

At a recent meeting of Norwegians in Minneapolis, Minn., the sum of \$400 was subscribed to be sent to the mother country to aid its society there in the work of deposing the present King of Sweden and Norway, who is held in disfavor, it appears, by all of the latter nation. These meetings are understood to have been held in secret in all parts of the country, and considerable money is said to have been raised.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, has excommunicated St. Procop's Church, in that city, with a membership of 4,000 Bohemians, for refusing to accept certain officials appointed by him. The malcontents are defiant, and the bishop declares that so long as they remain so no Mass will be said, nor sacraments administered, within the limits of the parish, and the dead shall be buried without funeral service.

THE excellence of California mining machinery is shown by a large order, recently received by a San Francisco foundry, from an English firm, to manufacture a complete hydraulic outfit for a mine in the Transvaal. The machinery is costly and includes a sixty-stamp quartz mill, each stamp weighing 900 pounds. Yet the machinery is so well arranged for packing that no section weighs more than 500 pounds, and it is all easily handled.

THE draining and retiling of the Roman Campagna is going to be attempted again on a grand scale. A certain amount of drainage work has been made compulsory on the different landowners, and no less than eighty irrigation companies under Government control have been set on foot to reclaim the waste of centuries. One or two minor experiments have been fairly successful, and among other things plantations of eucalyptus have made certain long deserted spots habitable, notably about S. Paolo fuori le Mura.

CHICAGO'S next Musical Festival will begin at the Exposition building Tuesday, May 27th, and last until Saturday evening of the same week. Besides the great German trio of singers, Materna, Winklemann and Searia, Nilsson has been engaged for solo parts, thus insuring a galaxy of soloists seldom brought together for concert purposes. There will be matinees on Thursday and Saturday, and at the latter Materna and Nilsson will sing together. The children's chorus, 1,000 strong, will also sing Saturday afternoon. The adult chorus will number 900 voices.

THE corner-stone given by the Pope for the O'Connell monument at Cahirciveen has been sent to Ireland. It is a genuine corner-stone of travertine, weighing several hundred-weight, and was taken from the ancient house of St. Clement, Pope and martyr, discovered some years ago under two superposed churches by an Irish priest, where it had long sustained the principal arch of the building. On it have been engraved the words in which Leo XIII. blessed Canon Brosnan's work. The Pope has also given Canon Brosnan a white marble slab from the tomb of St. Flavian Domatilla, which will be placed in a conspicuous part of the projected monument, with the words uttered by the Pope at the private audience granted to the Irish deputation in December engraved on it.



WILLIAM F. ALLEN, SECRETARY OF THE GENERAL  
RAILWAY TIME CONVENTION.  
PHOTO. BY ANDERSON.

NEW YORK CITY.—SIGNOR GIOVANNI PERUGINI, THE LEADING  
TENOR AT THE CASINO.  
PHOTO. BY ORLAY DE KARINA.—SEE PAGE 11.

ITALY.—THE LATE RT. REV. LOUIS E. HOSTLOT, RECTOR  
OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE AT ROME.  
PHOTO. BY ZINSLER.

WM. F. ALLEN,  
SECRETARY OF THE  
NATIONAL RAILWAY  
TIME CONVENTION.

We recently narrated in these columns the history of the agitation which resulted in the adoption of a uniform standard time throughout the country. Especial reference was made to the work, in this connection, of Professor Charles F. Dowd, of Saratoga, N. Y., who made the first published attempt at standard time reform, and persisted in his labors until the end towards which he looked was achieved. Among others who contributed to the discussion of the question from time to time were Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, Prof. J. K. Rees, Prof. Cleveland Abbe, Sanford Fleming and W. F. Allen, Secretary of the General Railway Time Association; and of these, Mr. Allen was confessedly foremost in effective and practical work. When the subject was brought before the Railway Time Convention, of which he was Secretary, it was referred to him for consideration as the one person really qualified to treat it intelligently and exhaustively. He at once addressed himself to the task of overcoming the difficulties which had baffled all other inquirers. Every detail of the plan finally adopted was worked out by him. His office was the source of all official information on the subject, and he personally conducted the correspondence and negotiations which brought the divergent time standards of the country into systematic unity. As editor of the *Traveler's Official Railway Guide* he had visited nearly every State in the Union and traveled over all the principal roads. His experience enabled him to bring to bear upon the general question not only a practical acquaintance with railway operations, but probably the best knowledge of the American railway system possessed by any man in the country. Added to this he had enthusiasm and the genius of hard work, so that in all respects he was peculiarly equipped for the task which he performed so successfully.

Mr. W. F. Allen was born at Bordentown, N. J., and is now about thirty-seven years of age. His father, Colonel Joseph Warren Allen, was a civil en-

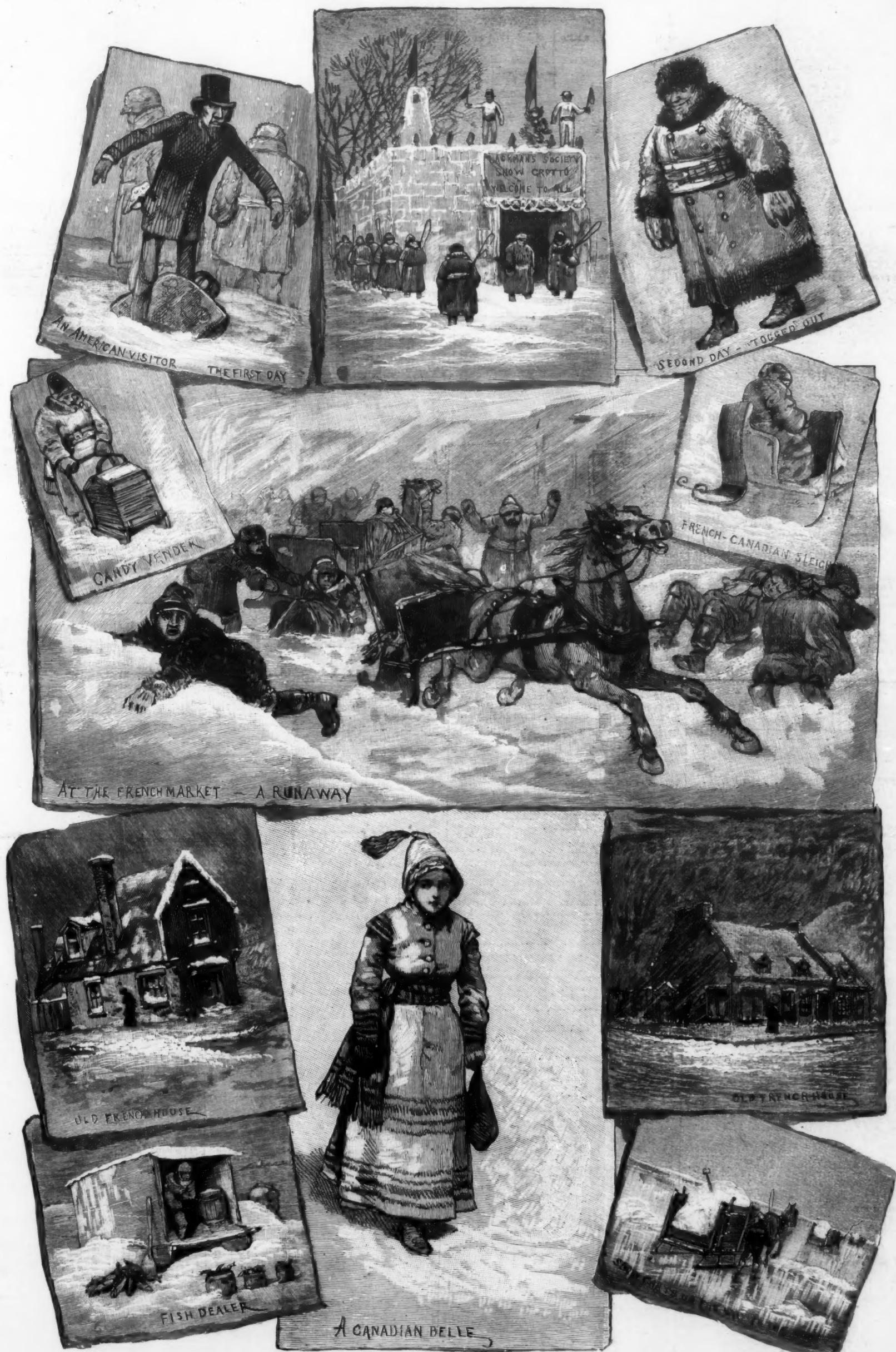
gineer of high reputation, well known in New York and vicinity, and who died during the Civil War as Colonel of the Ninth New Jersey Volunteers. Mr. Allen is also a civil engineer. He entered railroad life as rodman on the Camden and Amboy Railroad in 1862. He assisted in building a number of railroads in New Jersey, and was for a time employed in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. In 1868 he was appointed resident engineer in charge of the West Jersey Railroad, under General William J. Sewell, now United States Senator from New Jersey. In 1872 he became editor of the *Traveler's Official Railway Guide*, which position he still holds.

THE LATE MGR.  
HOSTLOT,  
RECTOR OF THE AMERICAN  
COLLEGE AT ROME.

RIGHT REV. LOUIS E. HOSTLOT, Rector of the American College at Rome, Italy, whose death on the 1st instant created a profound sensation in Roman Catholic circles in this city, was just in the prime of life, having been born in Brooklyn, November 19th, 1848, and had therefore not yet attained his thirty-sixth year. His ecclesiastical career, although brief, had been remarkably brilliant. Inclining to a religious life, he was admitted, after a preparatory course elsewhere, to the College of St. Francis Xavier in this city, where his progress in study, and especially in the acquisition of modern languages, was especially notable. He was graduated in 1868 with high honors, and his natural abilities and high acquirements having attracted attention, he was in the same year assigned to Rome. There he lodged at the American College, and attended a course of lectures at the College of the Propaganda. At the end of the course he secured the honorable distinction of D.D., and was ordained a priest in 1873. Some time afterwards he was appointed vice-rector of the American College in Rome, and when the present Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard was elevated to the bishopric at Vincennes, Indiana, Mgr. Hostlot was appointed to the rectorship of the college. In his new position he displayed remarkable



DOROTHY FORSTER.—"TUT, TUT," LADY CREWE REPLIED, TAPPING MY CHEEK WITH HER FAN, "SILLY CHILD! BEAUTY IS BUT  
FOR A DAY. WE WOMEN HAVE OUR LITTLE SUMMER OF GOOD LOOKS; A FEW YEARS AND IT IS OVER."—SEE PAGE 6.



SCENES IN THE WINTER LIFE OF CANADA.—FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 11.

[FEBRUARY 23, 1884.

executive and financial ability. The college was in debt, and he not only succeeded in extinguishing its indebtedness, but acquired sufficient funds to purchase a country residence in Palastrina for the use of the students of the college during the Summer months. He was made a Monsignor of the second class, and afterwards a domestic prelate or Monsignor of the first grade, which is the highest honor in the Church next to the distinction of bishop, by the present Pope Leo. By the students at the College of Rome, to whom he was at once instructor and guardian, he was sincerely beloved. As the host of the archbishops on their recent visit to Rome, Mgr. Hostot secured their general approval by his efforts for their comfort. Fitting honors have been paid to his memory both in this city and at Rome.

## FUN.

"WHAT is the worst thing about riches?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "That they take unto themselves wings and fly away," promptly replied the boy at the foot of the class.

The way to produce a smile on the face of a man suffering with a racking cough is to make him a present of a bottle of Dr. BULL'S COUGH STRUP. Just try it, and you will be astonished at the result.

## CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS.

A CASE OF RAPID DEVELOPMENT ACCOMPANIED BY SEVERE HEMORRHAGE.

The following testimonial to the prompt action of COMPOUND OXYGEN in a case of rapidly developing Consumption of the Lungs is given by the writer, in order, as he says, that by means of its publication "some afflicted one may be induced to try your very simple and beneficial remedy":

"FOUNTAIN CITY, INDIANA, April 17th, 1882.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN—Dear Sirs:—My lungs have been affected for years, it being hereditary with me, my mother having died of Consumption. One year ago this last Winter I took a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and finally resulted in a severe hemorrhage. I had a hard, hacking cough all Spring; in fact, all through the Summer, at times. Last Fall, as the cold weather came on, my cough increased, and I was having night-sweats every night, and had one or two severe hemorrhages. I was very much reduced in flesh. The color had left my lips, and I was expectorating a thick, yellow matter, often mixed with blood. Had to lie propped on pillows at night. I had about made up my mind that a few more months would end my earthly career, and my friends have told me, since I began to improve, that some of them had only given me until next May to live; but if I die before that time now, I will have to go in some other way than Consumption. I have not had a single night-sweat since I first began your Treatment. My cough has almost disappeared and I am rapidly improving. Very gratefully yours, J. LINDON PARKER."

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address, Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Phila.

THE man who gets up in the morning feeling that he would like to die for his country, changes his mind the minute he feels in his pocket and finds he has been "stuck" with a trade dollar.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, FOR OVERWORKED FEMALES.

DR. J. P. COWAN, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."

"ROUGH ON COUGHS," 15c., 25c., 50c., at druggists'. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR MAY be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE.

Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS; they are the best.

HALFORD SAUCE is expressly for family use.

JOHN STUART MILL had a pipe sticking round in nearly every tree and nook of his capacious lawn. In his walks he regaled himself frequently with a smoke. He changed his pipe often, but when he struck a superior tobacco like BLACKWELL'S DURHAM LONG CUR, he stuck to it like a philosopher, evolving political economy from the smoke thereof.

SKINNIES MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. \$1.

TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

You are often troubled with hoarseness which affects the voice. It need not be so if you use DR. TOBIAS'S PULMONIC LIFE SYRUP; it will cure you. No injurious ingredients are in it; \$1.00 will be paid if it injures an infant.

The Hon. Henry C. Kelsey, Secretary of State, New Jersey, writes: "I have used your Syrup with great benefit for a pulmonary complaint."

Mrs. A. N. Van Buren, of Marion Avenue, Fordham, states that it is the best remedy for hoarseness or a cough that she ever tried, and will never be without it.

"DR. TOBIAS: I have used on myself and in my family for years your Pulmonic Life Syrup. It has never failed to cure. I believe it is the best medicine for throat diseases ever sold. I am acquainted with the ingredients of which it is composed, and know them to be perfectly harmless.

"C. H. GALLAGHER, 995 De Kalb Ave."

"Brooklyn, April 21, 1883."

FROM THE REV. DR. FEIGL.

"I have used your Pulmonic Life Syrup for years with great benefit; in fact, I cannot preach without it. I. P. FEIGL, D.D., 1175 Third Ave."

"New York, July 14, 1883."

Price, 50 cents, in large bottles. Depot, 42 Murray St. The money refunded on the return of the empty bottle if any one is dissatisfied with it.—Add.

BLAIR'S PILLS—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50c. At all druggists'.

A SOUND mind goes very seldom without a sound digestion, and nothing contributes more towards it than the use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 109 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

SYDNER & CO., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old Tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sévres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

## DYSPEPSIA.

INDIGESTION,

BILIOUSNESS,

LIVER DERANGEMENT.

"I tried Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic in a number of cases of chronic dyspepsia, where the assimilation of food was very defective and there was steady loss of weight. The results obtained in two weeks were indeed flattering. One patient gained five pounds, another three pounds, and so on."—J. C. LE HARDY, M.D., Savannah, Ga.

President Med. Society of Georgia, etc., etc.

PROF. H. GOULLON, M.D., LL.D., Physician to the Grand Duke of Saxony, Knight of the Iron Cross, etc., etc., says: "It gives more tone to the stomach than anything I have ever prescribed."

"As a counteractant to debilitating influences—such as malaria, biliousness, languor, impaired digestion, etc.—the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is unequalled," says PROF. F. W. HUNT, M.D., LL.D., Honorary Member Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg, Russia; Professor of Practice of Medicine New York Medical College, etc.

PROF. WILLIAM C. RICHARDSON, M.D., Dean of St. Louis, Mo., Clinic of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children, says: "To children with marasmus I have given it with decided benefit. It is a remedy of great utility in dyspepsia. It is also a most powerful and agreeable stimulant to the brain and nervous system, and it is especially useful to counteract fatigue of mind and body."

## SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHE.

DR. B. L. CETLINSKI, Staff Physician to the Northeastern Medical and Surgical Dispensary, 1,036 First Avenue, New York, writes:

TO THE LIEBIG COMPANY,

38 Murray Street, New York:

Gentlemen—Since my attention was called by a brother practitioner to the excellent results he obtained from the use of your Coca Beef Tonic in Sick and Nervous Headaches, I have, thanks to your generous response to my request for trial lot for our poor patients, used it quite extensively. Its steady and persistent use, especially during the intervals of the attacks, has cured many of our most invertebrate and old-standing cases, and in every case so far its use has been followed by the most gratifying relief. How gratifying this must be, especially to the poor and needy class who come to us, and whose time and faculties are of the utmost importance to them in their struggles for subsistence; you can easily infer. Again I thank you for your generous donation. Respectfully yours.

B. L. CETLINSKI, M. D.

DR. W. S. SEARLE, A. M., M. D., Fellow of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of New York, says: "A lady suffered for thirteen years with severe Nervous Headaches. They at first recurred every two weeks, and finally every two days. She describes them as so violent that she would rather die than live. Three weeks after beginning the Coca she reports: 'I have had but one slight attack, and I am so much stronger and better that I feel sure I shall be cured.'" Dr. Searle, in a letter to the Liebig Company, says: "I consider yours the best preparation of Coca which has yet come to my notice."

PROFESSOR E. M. HALE, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Materia Medica, Chicago Medical College, author of "Diseases of the Heart," etc., etc., also adds his high authority in behalf of its value, and gives strong testimony as to the beneficial effects of Liebig Co.'s Coca Tonic.

## OF INTEREST TO THOSE HAVING WEAK CHESTS.

DEDHAM, ME.

TO THE LIEBIG COMPANY:

Gentlemen—Your agent left me a bottle of your Coca Beef Tonic for me to try. I took it myself, as I had been sick for a number of months with a lung affection, and was not able to practice. It helped me very much. So much so that I am now about as well as usual. I have since given it to a number of patients, and it has benefited every case. I am indeed most thankful that it came to my hands. I had tried different preparations of Coca before, but had no effects from them. H. S. PHENIX, M.D.

The Journal of the Royal Society of Vienna says: "It is remarkable that the South American Indians never suffer from consumption, and that the cause of it is the use of Coca. They also never suffer with scrofulosis, nor skin diseases. They reach a very old age, and frequently pass their full century."

DR. McBEAN (British Medical Journal) found it of great value in the consumptive tendency. Baron Von Humboldt (Cosmos) says he has never known a case of consumption or asthma among those accustomed to its use, and that they live to a great age, retaining their mental and physical functions to the last.

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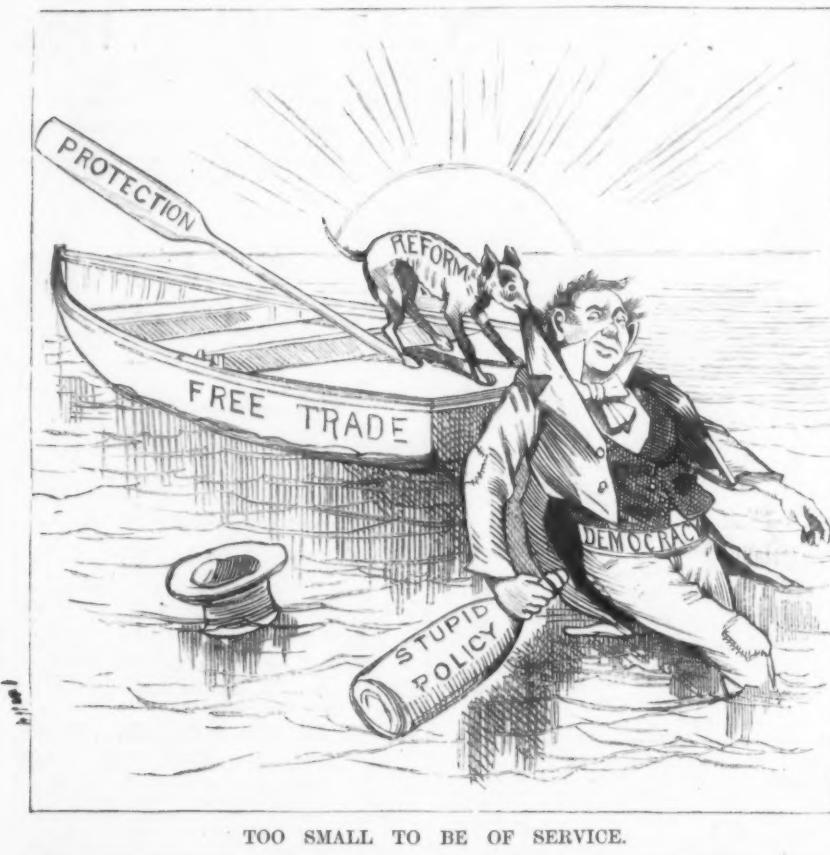
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